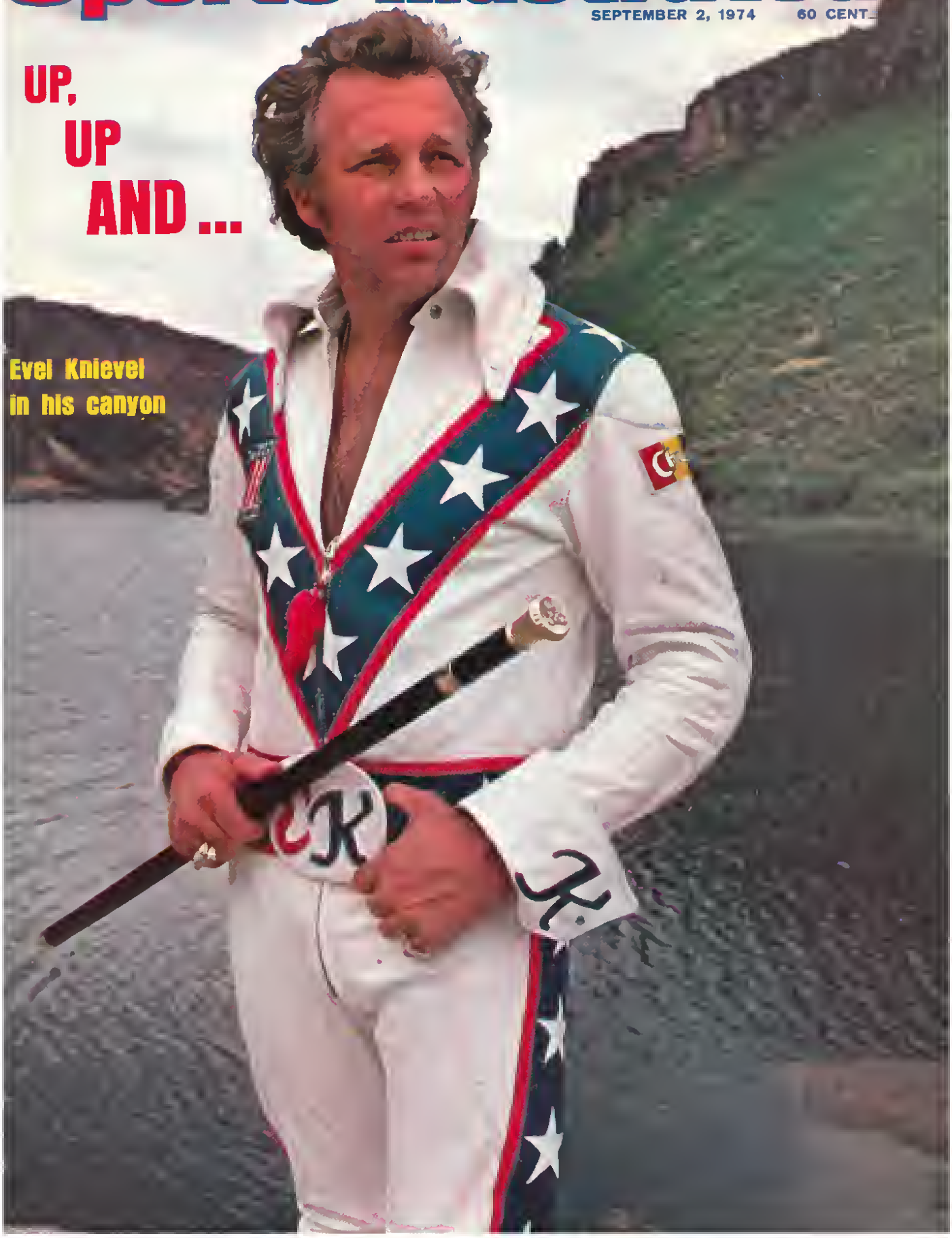
Sports Illustrated
SEPTEMBER 2, 1974 60 CENTS

UP, UP AND ...



Evel Knievel in his canyon

TAKES TURNS NIMBLY

THE FOX BY AUDI

© 1972 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

To the 56,000,000 people who smoke cigarettes.

A lot of people have been telling you not to smoke, especially cigarettes with high 'tar' and nicotine. But smoking provides you with a pleasure you don't want to give up.

Naturally, we're prejudiced. We're in the business of selling cigarettes.

But there is one overriding fact that transcends whether you should or shouldn't smoke and that fact is that you do smoke.

And what are they going to do about that?

They can continue to exhort you not to smoke. Or they might look reality in the face and recommend that, if you smoke and want low 'tar' and nicotine in a cigarette, you smoke a cigarette like Vantage.

And we'll go along with that, because there is no other cigarette like Vantage. Except Vantage.

Vantage has a unique filter that allows rich flavor to come through it and yet substantially cuts down on 'tar' and nicotine.

Not that Vantage is the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette. (But you probably wouldn't like the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette anyway.)

The plain truth is that smoke has to come through a filter if taste is to come through a filter. And where there is taste there has to be some 'tar.'

But Vantage is the only cigarette that gives you so much flavor with so little 'tar' and nicotine.

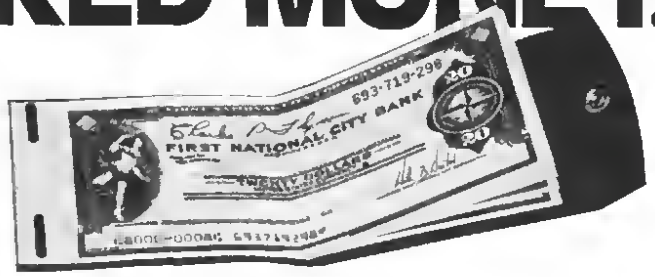
So much flavor that you'll never miss your high 'tar' cigarette.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter: 11 mg "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, Menthol: 11 mg "tar" 0.9 mg nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR.'74.

YOUR HOUSE IS COVERED.
YOUR CAR IS COVERED.
YOUR LIFE IS COVERED.

PRESENTING:
THE COVERED MONEY.



How do First National City Travelers Checks cover your money?
Completely, that's how. 100% refund in case of loss, theft, fire, floods, storms, or mysterious disappearance.

Where do you get First National City Travelers Checks?
Ask for them at your bank—in your home town. In short, just about anywhere.

Where can you use them?
At millions of places . . . airlines, hotels, motels, restaurants, shops and other retail and service establishments in the U.S. and all over the world.

What do you do if you lose them?
There are more than 35,000 places in the U.S. and around the world where you can get them replaced on-the-spot.

How much do they cost?
A fee of one cent for a dollar's worth. There is no better way to protect your money.

First before you take off around the world or just across town . . . be sure your money is covered.

get First National City Travelers Checks

Sold at banks and savings institutions everywhere

Contents

SEPTEMBER 2, 1974 *Volume 41, No. 10*

Cover photograph by Heinz Kluetmeier

14 The Penalty for Success
It was more like kick-the-can than soccer, and the score was a bit mystifying, but L.A. did win the NASL title

18 Who Says Pruitt Can't Do It?
The little Cleveland running back was his team's best weapon as the Browns lost to the potent Redskins

20 Wheeling Up on the World
The U.S. pedaled away from Montreal with just one medal but a whole lot of new international respect

22 A Man Who'd Never Bite a Dog
It is not in Joe Rudi, Oakland's superb leftfielder, to make flamboyant news, but he is indispensable to the A's

First the Site, Then the Fight

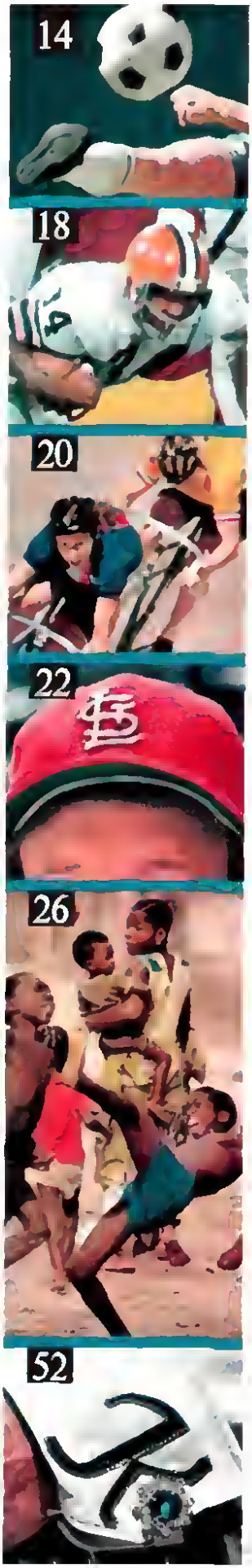
26 *All is ready at ringside—if it doesn't rain*

30 *Don King became the bout's lone arranger*

52 Make It or Break It
Millions are at stake and one life is on the line as Evel Knievel gets set for his canyon shot

The departments

11 Scorecard
39 TV/Radio
40 Baseball
42 Motor Sports
49 Horse Racing
65 For the Record
66 19th Hole



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 541 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611, principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, James R. Shepley, President; Clifford J. Grum, Treasurer, Charles B. Bear, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean Islands $14.00 a year, military personnel anywhere in the world $10.00 a year; all others $18.00 a year.

Credits on page 65

Next week

COLLEGE FOOTBALL opens another season, featuring Ohio State Back Archie Griffin and a cast of the best runners in years, many of whom are pictured in action. Buckeye Coach Woody Hayes and his magnificent recruiting machine undergo a close inspection, as do the nation's Top 20 teams. Scouting reports on the ranked elevens and analyses of the major conferences, the leading independents and small colleges round out the special football section. There will also be stories on the world amateur boxing championships, the East Germany-U.S. swim meet, the Hambletonian, golf, baseball and the America's Cup

© 1974 TIME INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. REPRODUCTION IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT PERMISSION IS PROHIBITED.

A public service from Union 76.

Union 76 is going to test the 1975 cars for fuel economy.

Anyone who plans to buy a 1975 car is going to be pretty concerned with what kind of gasoline mileage he can expect. That's why Union 76 is holding the 1975 Fuel Economy Tests.

We'll be testing the majority of American-made cars and the most popular imports. And to give you the most realistic and useful mileage figures possible, we're going to test the cars under several driving conditions including simulated interstate driving. That way, you'll get mileage figures that will mean the most to you.

The Trials will take place next November at Daytona Beach, Florida, conducted by the Automotive Research Bureau, Inc. of NASCAR. We'll publish the results in magazines and newspapers all over the country, as a public service and another way to help you conserve America's energy resources.

union 76
FUEL ECONOMY TESTS 1975

©1974 Sony Corp. of America SONY is a trademark of Sony Corp.

Even though it's small, the HP-310 is anything but weak

The reason?

Simple It happens to be a Sony

Blasting every watt of power through an all silicon, all solid-state amplifier, the HP-310 sounds like an expensive multiple component stereo system

True, it does have a sophisticated FM/AM stereo tuner with FET—to help make weak stations into strong stations

A BSR 3-speed automatic changer with oil-dampened cueing lever

Quadraphonic inputs and outputs

And a wide-frequency speaker system with enough woofers and tweeters to hit those higher highs

And those lower lows

Still, you may want to see for yourself

So sit back at your Sony dealer, turn up the volume, and hang on

To your socks

IT'LL BLOW YOUR SOCKS OFF.

FM Stereo FM/AM Receiver 3 Speed Record Changer Model HP 310

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Gwilym S. Brown, a reporter and writer for this magazine since 1954, died of a brain tumor on Aug. 12 at the age of 46. We want to share with you a few memories of him, as much to assuage a loss we feel deeply as to salute a fine man.

Gwil was as much an athlete as the people he wrote about, and his understanding of sport and its challenges was reflected in his stories. When he was

BROWN AT THE 1966 BOSTON MARATHON

assigned to golf in 1956 he had never played the game. He bought some clubs and began spending his weekends at public courses. Brown carefully recorded every stroke and never threw away a scorecard, so it is possible to state with authority that on Oct. 12, 1956 at Spring Lake on Staten Island he shot a 59-72–131. Within three years he was in the low 80s. You would often find him in the hallway outside his office practicing his swing, enthusiastic about some new discovery that would give him more distance off the tee.

He was also covering important golf stories such as the 1960 World Amateur Team Championship at Merion, during which a young amateur named Jack Nicklaus shot successive rounds of 66, 67, 68 and 68. The two became good friends, and Brown co-authored many articles with Nicklaus, who said last week, "Gwil had great talent and enthusiasm. He was a pleasure to work with. I'll miss him a lot." Out of another golf assignment came his collaboration with the late Tony Lema on the book *Golfer's Gold*, as fine a description of life on the pro tour as has been written.

When SI assigned Brown to track and field, he took up running, and before long his office walls were cluttered with notes of achievement: "Ran two miles in 11:28" or "Did 10 in 67.43." For three years, beginning in 1965, he ran in the Boston Marathon. Among his track articles was a cover story on Jim Ryun after the latter's record-breaking 3:51.3 mile at Berkeley, Calif. in July 1966. Brown persuaded the youthful, rather shy Ryun to go over his training routine in detail for the entire month leading up to the record race, and a page of the young runner's personal log was reproduced in the magazine. "Gwil worked harder at a story than most people," Ryun said. "He knew his subject and you could tell he cared about it."

In 1967 Brown was assigned to London for three years to cover the European sporting scene. There he did stories on subjects as varied as the troubles and triumphs of skier Jean-Claude Killy, the elegantly dressed spectators at England's Royal Ascot, even a world bowling championship in Paris. During his stay in London he decided that the half mile, not the marathon, was his best distance, and friends in New York began receiving communiques announcing "dramatic improvements" and "punishing workouts over a demanding course." By the time he returned to New York he had lowered his time to 2:16 (at age 42) for the half and was running in Masters meets.

Brown's last story appeared in the Aug. 5 issue. It concerned a new method for rating tennis players. Gwil enjoyed playing tennis and was working on his serve.

Jack Mayer

Sports Illustrated ®

Founder: Henry R. Luce 1898–1967

Editor-in-Chief: Hedley Donovan
Chairman of the Board: Andrew Heiskell
President: James R. Shepley
Group Vice President, Magazines: Arthur W. Keylor

Vice Chairman: Roy E. Larsen

Managing Editor: Roy Terrell
Executive Editor: Ray Cave
Assistant Managing Editors: John Tibby, Jeremiah Tax, Gilbert Rogin

Art Director: Richard Gangel

Senior Editors: Walter Bingham, Arthur J. Brawley, Peter Carry, Robert W. Creamer, Andrew Cuchion, Barbara La Fontaine, Scot Lehigh, Bob Olmsted, Kenneth Rudeen, Patricia Ryan

Senior Writers: Robert H. Boyle, Frank Deford, Ron Fimrite, Dan Jenkins, William Johnson, Robert F. Jones, William Leggett, Hamilton B. Maule, Coles Phinizy, Whiting Tower, John Underwood

Associate Editors: Gwilym S. Brown, Joseph Carroll, Guy Flatt, Joe Jares, Ray Kennedy, Curry Kirkpatrick, Jerry Kirshenbaum, Virginia Kraft, Mark Kram, Mark Mulvoy, Pat Putnam, Morton Shapiro, Edwin Shrake, M. R. Werner

Staff Writers: Roy Blount Jr., Jeannette Bruce, Jule Campbell, Alice Higgins, Dan Levin, Joe Marshall, Barry McDermott, Harold Peterson, Ron Reid, Herman Weskopf

Director of Photography: Jerry Cooke

Production Manager: Gene W. Ulrich

Chief of Research: Marvin D. Hyman

Photography: Thomas Winterschmidt (ASSOCIATE DIRECTOR), Frank Aguila (PICTURE EDITOR), Dan Dellinger, Anthony Dunne, Barbara Henckel, Carolyn Keith, Manny Millan, Theodore Stephens, Robert W. Taylor

Staff Photographers: John D. Hanlon, Walter Iooss Jr., Neil Leifer, Lyn Stewart, Tony Triolo

Writer-Reporters: Jon Kaplan, Larry I. Keith, Sarah Pileggi, Lynn Simrose, Anita Verschoth, Nancy Williamson (Special Projects)

Senior Reporters: Jane Gross, Jinha Lamb, Rose Mary Mechling, Emily Phelps, Denise Rogers, Constance Tubbs, Christian Willard

Reporters: Susan Adams, Michael DelNagro, Myra Gelband, Kent Hannon, John Papanek, Angel Reyes, Stephanie Salter, D. Alexandra Stathopoulos, William T. White

Art Department: Harvey Grut, Martin Nathan (ASSOCIATE DIRECTORS), Brendan J. Mulvey (Color Quality), William Bernstein, Emily Schwinz, Catherine Smolich

Copy Desk: Betty DeMocker (CHIEF), Iris Herman (DEPUTY), Lawrence Cannistraci, Madelene Edmondson, Barbara W. Murray, Catherine Ogilvie, Deirdre Randall, Robert H. Williams

Production: Wayne Prather (SUPERVISOR), Mark Levine, Kenneth Tomten

Administrative Department: Maureen Harris (CHIEF), Marietta Contes, Margaretta Kiely, Meda Jane Albaise

Special Contributors: TEXT: Robert Cantwell, Clive Gammon, Bil Gilbert, Charles Goren, Richard W. Johnston, Pat Jordan, Thomas McGuane, Carleton Mitchell, Kenny Moore, Jack Nicklaus, George Plimpton, Jonathan Yardley. PHOTOGRAPHY: Roy De Carava, James Drake, Stephen Green-Armytage, John Iacono, Heinz Kluetmeier, Bert Sclavinan, Eric Schweikardt, Shrudy & Ling, John G. Zimmerman

Special Correspondents: Pleasure Mijovovic (CHIEF), Clementina Alonzi (DEPUTY), Anita Stewart, *Albuquerque*; LeRoy Bearman, *Anchorage*; Howard Weaver, *Atlanta*; Lewis Grizzard, *Austin*; Jimmy Banks, *Baltimore*; Joe D'Allamo, *Baton Rouge*; Dan Hardesty, *Birmingham*; Jimmy Bryan, *Boston*; Leo Monahan, *Buffalo*; Dirk Johnson, *Carson City*; Guy Shipler Jr., *Charlotte*; Ronald Green, *Chicago*; Ray Sons, *Cincinnati*; Jim Schottelkotte, *Cleveland*; Charles Heaton, *Columbus*; Kaye Kessler, *Dallas*; Steve Perkins, *Denver*; Bob Bonne, *Des Moines*; Bob Asbille, *Detroit*; Jerry Green, *Greensboro*; Smith Barnes, *Harrisburg*; John Emrys, *Honolulu*; Jim Richardson, *Houston*; Jack Gallagher, *Indianapolis*; Dick Denny, *Jackson*; Bill Kasadi, *Kansas City*; Theodore O'Leary, *Knoxville*; Ben Byrd, *Lexington*; Ed Ashford, *Little Rock*; Orville Henry, *Los Angeles*; Jack Tobin, *Louisville*; William P. Reed, *Memphis*; Charles Gillespie, *Miami*; Glenn Kirchhoff, *Milwaukee*; Bob Woll, *Minneapolis*; Dick Gordon, *Nashville*; Max Vink, *New Haven*; Bill Gulbin, *New Orleans*; Price Tinney, *Oklahoma City*; Harold Sobs, *Omaha*; Hollis Limpricht, *Philadelphia*; Gordon Forbes, *Phoenix*; Frank Tennelli, *Pittsburgh*; Pat Livingston, *Portland*; Ken Wheeler, *Port Townsend, Wash.*; Dolly Connelly, *Providence*; John Hanlon, *Roanoke*; Bill Bull, *Salt Lake City*; George Ferguson, *San Antonio*; John Jones, *San Diego*; Jack Murphy, *San Francisco*; Art Rosenbaum, *Seattle*; Emmett Watson, *South Bend*; Joe Doyle, *Spartanburg*; Leslie Timms, *St. Louis*; Bob McCoy, *Syracuse*; Bill Vanlier Vree, *Tallahassee*; Bill McGotha, *Tampa*; Tom McEwen, Barn Dart Campbell, *Washington*; Martie Zaid

Canada: *Montreal*: Arthur Siegel, *Toronto*: Rex Macleod, *Vancouver*: Eric Whitehead

Time-Life News Service: CHIEF: Murray J. Gart, DEPUTY: Benjamin W. Cate

Editorial Services: Paul Welch (DIRECTOR), Carolyn R. Pappas, Nancy Ancy, George Karas, Benjamin Lightman, Doris O'Neil

Publisher: John A. Meyers
General Manager: Richard W. Angle Jr.
Assistant Publisher: Peter Hanson
Business Manager: Robert D. McCoach
Advertising Sales Director: William M. Kelly Jr.
Circulation Director: S. Christopher Meigher III
Promotion Director: Harry C. Rubicam
Special Events Director: Keith Morris

Would Your Banker Make *You* a Dandy Offer Like This?

BANKERS WILL!

Suppose a banker made the following offer to a 35-year-old man . . .

"We will set aside $25,000 in a special fund for you.

"If you die tomorrow, or *any* time before age 65, we will immediately pay this $25,000 to your family.

"If you live to 65, we guarantee to pay you $13,450 in cash. What's more, while we can't guarantee the exact amount, we should *also* be able to pay you an *additional* $15,586 in dividends, based on our current dividend scale—for a total cash payment to you of $29,036.

"Or, instead of the $29,036 in cash—if you prefer, we will pay you $202.38 a month—*in addition to* what you collect from Social Security—starting at 65 and continuing for every single month for the rest of your life. Even if you live to be 125!

"What do we ask in return for all this? Only that you pay a little over 2% interest a year on the $25,000."

We doubt that any banker would ever make him such an offer. But *we* will!

Because that's the kind of dandy financial arrangement he'd get with our Whole Life Insurance policy L-198, available to folks through age 70.

Instead of "interest," of course, you pay a premium. A premium that varies, naturally, according to your age. But no matter what your age, it's one that, based on the values your policy builds up, works out to be one of the *lowest* in America for participating Whole Life insurance.

For the knowledgeable "comparison shopper," the 35-year-old's policy has a 10-year "Interest-Adjusted Cost Index" of only $4.24 per thousand, and a 20-year "Interest-Adjusted Cost Index" of only $3.65 per thousand. If you can find a similar policy with *lower* cost comparison figures for your age, you'd better grab it!

And, after two years, the policy starts to build cash values, which you can borrow on at guaranteed low interest rates. For emergencies. For college expenses. For business opportunities. For that home of your dreams.

Our 35-year-old man would, for example, accumulate guaranteed policy cash or loan values of $4,300 after 10 years, and $8,900 after 20 years—*exclusive* of any refund of premiums in the form of dividends.

Financial experts say that most folks urgently need more life insurance—both to protect their family's security now, and to provide more income dollars so that they won't have to go through the agony of pinching every penny after they retire.

If you agree, and cost is important to you, we invite you to find out more.

Send the postage-free card next to this page for our free "Money Book." Get the full story of policy L-198, plus the easy-to-afford rates and the policy values for your age. There's no cost or obligation for this service.

We've dedicated this policy to the president of our company. You *know* we wouldn't do that if we weren't awfully proud of it. And if we didn't think it was a good deal for you!

Bankers Life and Casualty Company

Chicago, Illinois 60630

Protecting more than 7,000,000 Americans

Salem refreshes naturally.

New crush-proof box.

Also in soft packs. King or Super King.

Warning The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

KING: [illegible], 14 mg nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '74.
SUPER KING: 21 mg "tar", 1.4 mg nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CRICHTON

HOCKEY HURRY-UP

Hockey is one game that hardly seems in need of speeding up. Nevertheless, the sport last week was awash with plans for streamlining.

In Indianapolis the World Hockey Association decided to experiment with eliminating the center red line during exhibition games this fall. If a majority of the league trustees approves, the WHA will play the season without the line. The change is drastic. It means that a team will be able to pass the puck from behind its own net to a player at the other team's blue line, who then can go man-on-man with the goalie. The new rule, proponents say, will lead to more continuous action since there will be fewer icing calls, and it will encourage the spectacular breakaway play. They claim, too, that it will increase scoring only a mite, but can you imagine Bobby Hull descending on goal with no defensemen to impede him? The guess is that the WHA will decide that too much speed is a dangerous thing.

More workable, it would seem, are two experimental changes adopted in Toronto by the National Hockey League, which is upset that a quarter of its games last season went over three hours. One, designed to discourage stalling by players who fall on the puck around the crease whenever play gets hot, will award a free shot to the opponent when this occurs, with the puck being placed at the faceoff dot on either side of the net. The goalie must remain in the crease and his teammates outside the outer circle until the whistle blows. The shooter cannot pass off and he must keep his stick on the ice, meaning he can get off only a wrist shot. And he had better fire in a hurry. The other side can go all out at the whistle. With the bad angle, not many shooters will score, but the nightmare of rebounds should make a speedster out of the most dilatory goaltender.

The real time-saver, though, is a rule that would permit substitutions only on the fly. Lately, every time the whistle blew, coaches used the opportunity to juggle their lines, matching them with the other team's. No more. Both rules will be tried in exhibition games, and a vote taken on Oct. 1 will decide whether they are for real. Earlier this summer the NHL outlawed visits to the bench by goalies during play stoppages and slapped a two-minute penalty on players who argued penalties. A fast game is growing faster.

TOGETHERNESS

The University of Redlands, a small denominational institution outside Los Angeles that has had some fine track and field athletes, is embarking on a unique program. It has hired Chi Cheng, the former holder of six sprint and hurdles world records, and her husband, Vince Reel, to coach men and women. If women can make the grade, they will compete with men in dual meets. Chi Cheng will train the sprinters and hurdlers, her husband the distance runners and weight-persons. Mohinder Gill, a ranking triple jumper from India, will handle the jumpers and, hopefully, the men and women of Redlands the competition.

A SAD LOSS

Last Thursday night Rocky Mount (N.C.) Pitcher Murray Gage-Cole sent a short fly to right. Second Baseman Pablo Cruz of the Salem (Va.) Pirates drifted back to field it while Outfielder Alfredo Edmead came charging in. Just as Cruz made the catch Edmead dived for the ball. Cruz' knee struck him in the head and he crumpled on the field in a pool of blood. On the way to the hospital Alfredo Edmead died from a massive skull fracture. As far as can be determined, the fatality was the first in organized baseball since Cleveland's Ray Chapman was beaned by a Carl Mays pitch in 1920.

Edmead was no ordinary ballplayer. Cruz, 27, had scouted him in their native Santo Domingo and got him to sign for the largest bonus ever given by Pittsburgh to a player from the Dominican Republic. The day before the accident the 18-year-old rookie outfielder had been named to the Class A Carolina League All-Star team. After 119 games, he was batting .319 with seven homers, 59 RBIs and 59 stolen bases. He was not yet a Roberto Clemente, but the promise was there.

DEAR MOM, SEND BONE

The wonder is that no one had thought of the idea before, but it was left to a young New York entrepreneur named Ron de Strulle to discover that there was, if not a gold mine, at least a comfortable living in a camp for dogs. The 24-year-old de Strulle, reports *The New York Times*, got the idea one day when he had to go out of town and the only places in Manhattan he could find to bunk down his brace of Austrian huskies offered cages filled with lice and fleas. *Ergo*, Campo Lindo—Spanish for beautiful field—on a 75-acre rented farm in the Catskills 160 miles north of the city.

De Strulle has developed a whole new

way of life for dogs. His campers—always called that—are picked up in a white van at the "parents'" house. The cost is $40 a week or $150 a month. For $1 a day extra, campers receive "in-house" treatment, which means they get to sleep at the foot of a counselor's bed. The carefree days are taken up with nature hikes in the woods, dips in a pond on the property and sometimes treasure

continued

hunts in which the campers search for buried bones.

A typical day's schedule, posted on a wall, reads: nine a.m., feed and water campers; 9:30, check all campers for fleas and ticks and give each a good scratching; 10, exercise and play period with group activities and training lessons; 11, fresh water; noon, swimming and group activities; two p.m., rest period and fresh water; four, play period and training period; five, dinner and fresh water; 8:30, bed check (campers sleep outdoors in red doghouses) and fresh water; 11:30, final inspection. Sundays there is a barbecue with hot dogs and hamburgers and a campfire, all watched over by de Strulle and nine counselors, mostly high school and college students whose only qualification is that they like dogs.

If this all seems too decadent, says Mr. de Strulle, there is more to come: winter camp, with campers sleeping in the farm's heated barn. "In winter we can give the dogs rides on sleds," de Strulle says. "We also hope to install whirlpool baths."

ROUGHRIDERS

Saturday ended what must have been one of the rowdiest meetings in Saratoga history. No fewer than 13 jockeys were grounded. There were the customary penalties for rough and careless riding—an area where New York stewards have, rightfully, always been stricter than their colleagues in other states—but not all the action took place on the famous old racing surface or even in the heated-up atmosphere of the jocks' room. Two riders, Sandino Hernandez and Miguel Rujano, were given days for battling one another in the parking lot, and then there was the redoubtable Eddie Belmonte, to whom trouble is no stranger.

Earlier in the year Belmonte whipped out a gun and shot his wife—fortunately not dead—and it took four cops to subdue him. Cleared by the courts, he seemed to take a new lease on life until two weeks ago, when he sallied forth as a shortstop for the jocks against a team of turf writers. The trouble began when Bill Nack of Long Island's *Newsday*, about twice Belmonte's size, bumped into him on the base path. Belmonte came back like a bushel of red peppers and demanded an apology. Getting none, he held his counsel, if not his temper, until after the game, when he went for Nack with a bat. He got him on the hand and seemed bent on further damage when he was stopped. Not for long, however. Belmonte followed Nack to the parking lot and punched him in the mouth.

For his Nack whacking Belmonte was given 20 days by the stewards, who later amended the punishment to 10 days, ample time, some wits thought, to brush up on his play in the infield. The only person who has had it worse this year than Belmonte or his victims is a brother in Puerto Rico. He shot his wife, too, only he killed her.

VIEW AT THE TOP

Lord Killanin, president of the International Olympic Committee, wrote a letter to President Gerald Ford shortly after he took office, expressing considerable concern that the Amateur Athletic Act (Bill S-3500), proposed by Senator James Pearson and passed in the Senate this summer (SCORECARD, July 22), would run afoul of Olympic Committee rules. He warned, in essence, that if the act became law and the five-man committee it proposes to establish meddled with U.S. sports federations affiliated with governing international bodies, the U.S. could be excluded from all international competition inside and outside the country. The IOC and international federations, wrote Lord Killanin, "always welcome and encourage government assistance to amateur sport . . . but they would certainly object to government interference with the autonomy of National Sports Federations or National Olympic Committees."

President Ford, who expressed his own strong reservations about the AA Act in this magazine (July 8), reportedly reviewed Lord Killanin's letter with his staff. He has evinced interest in playing a role in resolving the AAU-NCAA impasse, and most likely will take a direct hand in shaping a bill to his taste, something probably along the lines of Bob Mathias' bill in the House that would set up compulsory arbitration. But that may still be a while off. It is doubtful that the AA Act, which was referred to a special Subcommittee on Education, will make it to the floor before this session of Congress plans to wind up on Oct. 15.

COMEBACK

Good news from the sea otter, and high time. For some while it appeared that the 59 specimens transplanted in 1969 and 1970 from the Aleutian Islands to the coast of Washington would go the way of their ancestors, who were clubbed almost into extinction by Russian and American sailors during the last century. Most of the sightings after the '69 planting were of dead otters destroyed by rifle fire on the Olympic beaches.

But two weeks ago the Washington Department of Game reported that 13 of the amiable rascals were alive and wallowing between Point Grenville and Cape Alava and, furthermore, that the group included pups, confirming that they are reproducing.

A stiff game law that makes the shooting of any sea mammal a federal offense, with fines of up to $10,000, is credited with saving the sea otter. Now fishermen, who used the excuse that the otters dined on salmon to shoot at them, have finally gotten the smarts. The diet of the omnivorous creatures, which feed in shallow water but have been known to dive 180 feet in pursuit of a morsel, mainly consists of sea urchins, crustaceans, mussels, snails and limpets, with only an incidental amount of fish. This is one time a little learning could go a long way.

DRY RUN

On hand for the presentation after Drunken Fool won the feature race last week at Cincinnati's River Downs was the 405 Club, an Alcoholics Anonymous group. The message might have been a lot more effective had Drunken Fool come in dead last.

THEY SAID IT

- Lee Corso, Indiana University coach, on a freshman quarterback prospect who did not report for practice because he was making too much money back home: "I've lost guys because I couldn't get them jobs. Now I lose one because I did."
- Billy Cunningham, embroiled in a struggle between the Philadelphia 76ers and the Spirits of St. Louis: "Friday I got sued twice, and I didn't even leave the house. I had the flu."
- Dave Stockton, explaining why he thinks he is a better golfer than when he won the 1970 PGA: "Attitude. It's a lot more fun to walk along and laugh and talk with people than to trudge down the fairway with your head down, looking at the worms."
- Woody Hayes, on President Ford: "He deserves some blocking when he carries the ball. I just hope he keeps it on the ground." **END**

Match your reflexes to an MGB's.

Match them to the "B's" quick handling and precise control and you'll get the feeling that you are part of the car.

And that it is part of you.

That's the way we build them. The four-speed, short-throw gearbox puts your reflexes in touch with the robust four-cylinder 1798 c.c. engine. And the 10.75-inch front disc brakes are there to ease you down to just the right speed at just the right moment for just the right downshift.

The race-seasoned suspension works with the quick action of the rack and pinion steering, keeping a firm commitment with the road.

It all comes together whether you're behind the wheel—slaloming through the pylons of a gymkhana, negotiating the curves on a twisting stretch of scenic route or arrowing down a flat slab of expressway.

The MGB is complete with full sports car instrumentation, including tachometer, trip odometer and gauges to monitor fuel level, water temperature, oil pressure, and battery. MGB also sports reclining bucket seats, wrapped steering wheel, carpeting, oil cooler, mag-style wheels and radial-ply tires.

So give your reflexes something to react to. See your MG dealer. For his name and address, call (800) 447-4700. In Illinois, call (800) 322-4400. Calls are toll free.

BRITISH LEYLAND MOTORS INC.
Leonia, New Jersey 07605

The sports car America loved first.

Sports Illustrated
SEPTEMBER 2, 1974

THE PENALTY FOR SUCCESS

by DAN LEVIN

A bizarre overtime kicking contest enabled the Los Angeles Aztecs to beat the Miami Toros 4-3—or was it 8-6?—and win the NASL championship

It was a game of improbables, of goals that should have been but were not, of goals that should not have been but were. It was dumb, exciting, ridiculous, laughable, thrilling, absurd—all of those things and more. What it came to finally, down there on the steamy, slick floor of the Orange Bowl in Miami last Sunday, was an ending worthy of your local kick-the-can tournament, with 22-year-old Tony Douglas of the Los Angeles Aztecs lining the ball past Goalie Osvaldo Toriani of the Miami Toros to make the score 4–3, or maybe 8–6, depending on how you want to count it, and giving his team the North American Soccer League championship.

The game had a little something for everybody, everybody meaning the 15,507 in the stadium plus a coast-to-coast television audience. There were goals scored on headers, goals that ricocheted off defenders, goals that came when the goalie was nowhere in the area and goals that came on penalty kicks. Mostly goals that came on penalty kicks.

Forget for the moment the hour and a half of regular play that left the score 3–3. More of that later. First the dumb part. Because the game was tied, the NASL's sudden-death system went into effect—a penalty-kicking orgy, each team taking five of them with five different kickers, the team that scores the most wins. It was as if the Boston Celtics and the Milwaukee Bucks had finished game seven at 103–103 and then all had headed to the foul line for a free-throw contest.

A soccer goal is 24 feet wide and eight feet high, the ball is placed only 12 yards away on such penalty kicks and the goalie must not move his feet until the ball is on its way, thus the odds of success greatly favor the kicker. Mario Zanotti went to the line for Los Angeles and drove the ball into the left corner of the net as Toriani dived the other way. L.A. 1–0. But Miami's Roberto Aguirre tied it up, blasting the ball past Blas Sanchez, the Aztecs' goalie.

Now it was Uri Banhoffer up, and his kick skidded under a diving Toriani. L.A. 2–1. Sanchez blocked a kick by Ron Sharp, who also had had a penalty kick blocked during regulation play, but this time it was ruled that Sanchez had moved before the kick was made. Given a second try, Sharp converted for 2–2.

So it went, Luis Marotte scoring for the Aztecs, Ken Mallender for the Toros and Peter Filotes for the Aztecs to make it 4–3 Los Angeles. But then Roger Verdi, a Miami defender, sent his attempt high, too high. It cleared Sanchez but it also cleared the crossbar. The Toros were still behind and in trouble.

Now it was up to Douglas. Trying the penalty kick that would clinch the victory, he lined the ball left, only to have Toriani block it. For seconds there was joy in the Orange Bowl and Toriani looked like a prisoner with a pardon. But then Referee John Davies ruled the goalie had moved too soon and Douglas was awarded a second chance. This time he nailed a line drive into the right corner and the game was over. Los Angeles had made five goals that counted for one, Miami three that added up to none. Final corrected score, 4–3 Los Angeles.

Both Los Angeles and Miami had traveled an uphill road to the championship game. Miami was judged the favorite, perhaps because it was three years old while the Aztecs were an expansion club. In 1972 the Toros won only three of 14 games to finish an easy last in the Southern Division and, for that matter, the entire eight-team league. Last year the much-improved Toros won eight games, which was better than all but two other teams, but owing to the injustice of the league's playoff system, they were edged out by both Philadelphia and New York in the Eastern Division and thus failed to qualify for postseason play.

This year there was no stopping them as they won 15 of 20 games, earned a bye in the first round of the playoffs and beat the Dallas Tornado 3–1 to gain the final. Coach John Young was voted Coach of the Year and attendance, which was 54,000 in 1973, rose to 74,000. In the week before the game the Miami papers gave the Toros, if not as much space as the pro football Dolphins, at least some mention. John Young was still not Don Shula, nor did Steve David and Warren Archibald sound as familiar as Larry Csonka and Bob Griese, but the public was learning about them.

continued

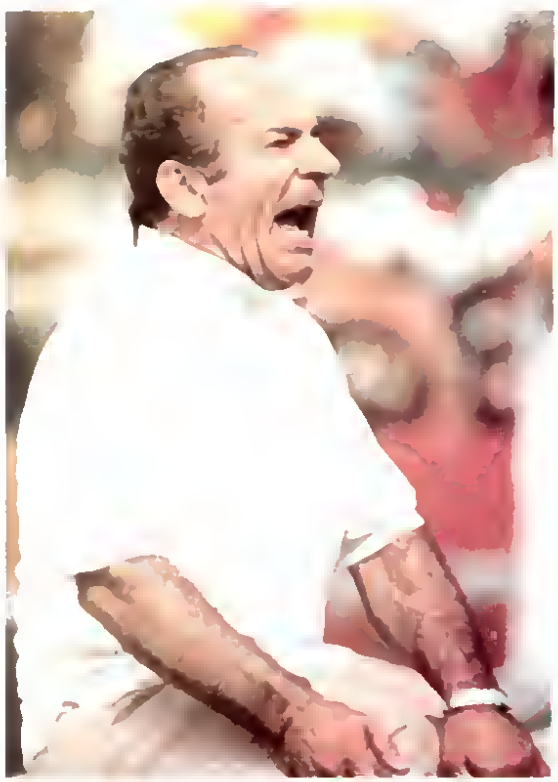
Ricardo DeRienzo, who scored an Aztec goal, battles Warren Archibald for the ball.

11
11

None of this impressed the Los Angeles Aztecs. They had beaten the Toros in their only meeting, but the Toros were quick to point out that the score was only 2–1, that the game was played in Los Angeles on a Sunday afternoon and that the night before they had been forced to play a game in San Jose. All of which, argued the Aztecs, still added up to one win for them. That, along with 12 other wins, put them at the top of the Western Division and gave them not only a playoff berth but a bye into the semifinals, where they beat Boston 2–0.

During the week leading up to the playoff it rained heavily almost every afternoon and Miami steamed in the sun and heavy air. Unfortunately, game time was scheduled for 3:30 p.m.—the evening would have been more pleasant—because television wanted it then, and the prospect of national exposure was too rich an opportunity for a struggling young professional sport to ignore. There had been no live national soccer telecast since 1968, the year some NASL executives call "The Great Disaster."

The league was founded then with 17 teams, but 12 of them folded when the season ended. It had started out with no base of popular support. No one seemed to know how the game should be televised and word quickly spread that it was a loser. First and second generation Americans from soccer countries sneered at the quality of play, and hardly anyone else cared at all. Fortunately, there were some who did care, most notably Lamar Hunt, who hung on in Dallas. Slowly the league began to revitalize, from the bottom up.



L.A. Coach Perolli does a Vince Lombardi.

While Toriani dives to his right Banhoffer's overtime penalty kick skids under and in

This year the NASL had eight new teams. In the last four years attendance has risen an average of 100% per team. Soccer is said to be the nation's fastest-growing team sport for schoolchildren, and, says the NASL's indefatigable commissioner, Phil Woosnam, "Those kids are starving for an American hero."

Well, perhaps Doug McMillan of the Aztecs will do. McMillan, 29, was the league's Rookie of the Year, and as much as anyone he deserved credit for the Aztec victory last week, for it was he who scored the tying goal with only 2:08 left.

McMillan started out in the game late, playing a little soccer in Scotland as a child, but his family emigrated to Ohio when he was 15, and American football became his sport. He was an all-state halfback, and he says, "Every time I got the ball I ran for a 75-yard touchdown." He wanted to be a professional but was only 5'7" and 140 pounds. So he joined the Navy, and in California he started playing soccer in the Greater Los Angeles League. He was a leading scorer, and last February Coach Alex Perolli asked him to join the Aztecs. He had a fine season, scoring 10 goals and getting 10 assists, and he displayed a hard-running European style, exceptional quickness and an uncanny ability to anticipate the ball. In the Aztecs' semifinal win over Boston he scored the second goal.

The other outstanding Aztec rookie, the first selection in the 1974 college draft, was Jose Lopez, a defender. Born in Mexico, Lopez moved to Los Angeles with his family when he was 11. He played four years of soccer at UCLA, and in three of them his team went to the NCAA finals. But all three times the Bruins lost to St. Louis University, twice in the Orange Bowl, most recently, last January, in double overtime. And now, before the game, Lopez was saying, "I think it's about time I stopped losing finals in the Orange Bowl."

For most of the afternoon it seemed as though Lopez would suffer number three. Miami Defender Ralph Wright scored the first goal on a head shot at 16:25 into the game. With that Los Angeles, which had not been able to get its attack going, suddenly caught fire. Sharp Aztec passes began to find Aztec feet that now seemed as prehensile as a shortstop's glove. At 25:10 an Aztec player was pushed and Ricardo DeRienzo scored on a penalty kick. Now it was 1–1. It stayed that way for the rest of the half, with neither team dominating. Aztec passes were short and accurate. The Toros sent long kicks downfield, to no avail.

Three minutes into the second half the Toros' Ronnie Sharp was awarded a penalty kick, an almost sure goal, and he missed. But the goalkeeper had moved before the kick, and Sharp got another try. He failed again.

Four minutes later the Aztecs had Miami in real trouble. Uri Banhoffer had the ball on his toe, and an almost open goal within spitting distance. Whap! The ball hit a goalpost and bounced back to Banhoffer's teammate, Doug McMillan. Whap! His kick bounced off the bar at the top of the cage. The game was starting to seem unreal.

And so it continued. Miami's Derek Watts fired at the Aztec goal from point-blank range and hit the crossbar. Ramon Moraldo, an Aztec defenseman, tried to clear the ball. It bounced around in front of his goal, caromed off teammate Julio Cesar Cortez, and rolled into the Aztec goal. Cortez was distraught; a Toro came up and embraced him.

Now it was 2–1 Miami. With 12:46 to go, a Los Angeles player was fouled by the Toros' Selris Figaro. It was a foul that called for a direct kick, close in but not a penalty kick. A wall of Miami players lined up in front of Banhoffer, who was designated to take the kick. His chances were not good. Banhoffer flexed his kicking leg and let go. Hard. The ball had topspin on it and it humped over the Toro line and sailed into the goal. The game was tied again.

Nobody wanted to go into tie-breakers, especially Los Angeles. The Aztecs knew that Miami had already gone that route six times this year and had won six times.

There was 3:50 left to play when a Miami midfielder named Esteban Arangiiz put his head to leather and made it 3–2. Now it looked very bad for Los Angeles. But Tony Douglas had not given up. In Miami territory, he kicked the ball to McMillan. Toriani was coming out of the goal as McMillan kicked. The ball hit Toriani's outstretched fingers and bounced back on the field. Banhoffer saw it and kicked again, but a Miami defenseman blocked it back to McMillan once more. Toriani was still outside when McMillan poked the ball into the net. The game was tied and the stage was set for soccer's version of the theater of the absurd. Listen, it could have been worse. Had no one missed, they would be kicking still. **END**

The Aztec victory brings a mountain of joy.

WHO SAYS PRUITT CAN'T DO IT?

The Redskins won on a last-minute field goal, but the Browns may have another wondrous game-breaking runner

by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

This is only Greg Pruitt's second season with the Cleveland Browns—and his first as a regular—but the ex-Oklahoma standout is already rating superstar treatment. It was Pruitt's presence that persuaded the Browns to let the venerable Leroy Kelly go to Oakland on waivers in June, and it is Pruitt's picture that graces much of the team's promotional material. Coach Nick Skorich likes to give the diminutive Pruitt an occasional breather, but such solicitousness is not always shared by the fans. "Why don't you play him the full 90 minutes?" someone asked. Skorich, an impeccably truthful man, was compelled to point out that football games last only 60 minutes.

Behind the adulation of Pruitt is the widely shared conviction in Cleveland that he is the current protector of Cleveland's winning tradition. The Browns have suffered but one losing season in their 28 years, and much of that success is traceable to their ability to turn up so formidable a succession of running backs as Marion Motley, Jim Brown and Kelly. Pruitt's designation as the latest in this honorable line apparently does not frighten him. A cheerfully confident fellow, he signs autographs "Greg Pruitt, the Breakaway Kid." "There's pressure on me to be the big star here," he says, "but I'd rather have all that pressure than not be noticed."

With Cleveland up against Pittsburgh and Cincinnati in the AFC's Central Division, it is questionable whether a speedster standing barely 5'10"—the sort that used to be called a scatback—is enough to keep the team indefinitely above .500. The question has hung in abeyance during the strike-plagued exhibition season, nor was there a fully satisfactory answer last Saturday night when, with veterans finally back in force, the Browns dropped a 20–17 thriller to Washington. A semi-disappointing crowd of 44,000 in Cleveland's huge Municipal Stadium cheered the home team to a 17–3 lead, then watched in misery as onetime Notre Dame star Joe Theismann rallied the Redskins to the point where Mark Moseley, latest of George Allen's happy salvage jobs, delivered a game-winning 43-yard field goal with two seconds left to play. That gave both teams 1-3 preseason records but since previous games involved mostly rookies, the Redskins plainly had less to worry about: as everybody knows, Allen isn't much interested in rookies. Unless, of course, a second walkout by striking players were to leave him (and the rest of the NFL) short of seasoned veterans.

Pruitt could scarcely be blamed for the Browns' distressing fold against the Redskins. He helped set up both of Cleveland's touchdowns, the first with a long punt return that fulfilled his billing as the Breakaway Kid, the second with some nifty pass receptions. Although he gained only 31 yards in 11 carries from scrimmage, it seemed more than coincidental that Washington began its dramatic comeback after Pruitt, who had bruised his back on a running play, left the game in the third quarter.

Skorich later invoked the mishap when brooding over the team's collapse. "I would have liked to put Pruitt in there in the fourth quarter," the coach said, what-might-have-been mingling with smoke from his cigar, "but his back kept him out."

Pruitt's injury, while minor, did nothing to dispel the doubts that have dogged him all along. During his well-publicized days at Oklahoma, a number of scouts called him the best broken-field prospect since Gale Sayers but felt he might be too fragile for the NFL. He certainly is not cast in the iron-man mold of an O.J. Simpson, yet he proved his worth as a rookie, averaging 6.1 yards per rush, more than double that of the struggling Kelly, with whom he shared playing time. He also led the team in kickoff and punt returns last year and routinely made such big plays as a 19-yard touchdown dash to upset Pittsburgh and a 65-yard run that tied Kansas City.

Except for Pruitt, the Browns were almost punchless, finishing 23rd in total offense among the NFL's 26 teams. They depended more on a solid defense as one improbable win followed another. Skorich explained, "We do it with mirrors," until Cleveland lost its last two games to finish at 7-5-2. Then he said simply, "The mirrors broke."

Preparing for this season, Pruitt took to lifting weights, which helped beef him up to 191 pounds, some seven pounds heavier than he was in college. "I'm bigger and stronger," he was soon saying. "I can take whatever punishment they give me." Still, when the Browns and Redskins trotted onto the field—a WELCOME BACK VETERANS banner made one think of returning POWs rather than football players—Pruitt might have

passed for a water boy next to Washington's bruising running backs, Larry Brown and Duane Thomas. Brown, slowed by injuries last season, appeared to be sound again, and Thomas was designated a starter after Charley Harraway defected to the WFL, which indicated that George Allen was satisfied that the moody ex-Dallas star had curbed his more conspicuous antisocial tendencies.

Before reaching this decision, Allen kept Thomas under wraps during what he called a "learning year." Thomas ran the ball only 32 times all last season, but he worked hard and without complaint. "Duane fit in fine," said Larry Brown. "At first he didn't talk and kind of kept to himself, but after a while he became part of the family." Brown also minimized the loss of Harraway's strong blocking. "Everybody knows about Duane's running," he said, "but he can block, too."

Yet not even in victory could Brown and Thomas upstage Pruitt. In the vain hope of breaking the Breakaway Kid loose, the Browns time and again sent him bouncing like a rubber ball off the Washington line. The Redskin backs experienced similar frustration, Brown finishing with 32 yards in 15 carries and Thomas not doing even that well. A 47-yard field goal by Cleveland's Don Cockroft was the only scoring until Pruitt, his talent at last evident, returned Mike Bragg's punt 45 yards to set up a touchdown in the second quarter.

Bragg's sky-high kick almost certainly would have resulted in a fair catch were it not for this year's rules changes, which severely limit downfield punt coverage. When Pruitt took the ball on his 27 he found only one Redskin in the immediate vicinity. He easily eluded this pursuer by darting to his right, then scampered along the sideline all the way to Washington's 28. Pruitt revels in the new punt-return rule, allowing that "it makes me even more valuable." A couple of plays later Billy Lefear, in the backfield to give Pruitt a rest, ran 15 yards for the score that made it 10–0.

The Browns built their lead to 17–3 midway through the third period when Brian Sipe completed a 17-yard touchdown pass to a wide-open Steve Holden. That play climaxed an 80-yard drive during which Sipe completed five of six, including two screen passes to Pruitt that were good, after some prancing, for 12 yards each. It was toward the end of this drive that Pruitt, sweeping left, tried to hurdle a couple of Washington bodies and was banged up. And it was on the very next series, momentously, that Theismann took over at quarterback for the Skins.

Theismann, a fourth-round Miami draft choice in 1971, chose instead to play in Canada. George Allen saw Theismann as a possible successor to his aging quarterbacks—Billy Kilmer is nearly 35, and Sonny Jurgensen turned 40 last week—and he gave Washington's first-round selection for 1976 to the Dolphins in exchange for NFL rights to Theismann. If one exhibition game is any measure, George has pulled off another slick one. Theismann completed nine of 14 passes for 100 yards and coolly capitalized on Cleveland's mistakes.

The most costly of these by far was a fumble by Sipe that the Redskins recovered on the Cleveland one and converted into a touchdown a play later. That closed the score to 17–10, and the Skins then proceeded to tie the game with a 98-yard scoring drive as Theismann picked apart the Cleveland secondary. The Browns went nowhere on the next series and a feeble punt enabled Theismann to move Washington into range for Moseley, who earlier had kicked a 47-yarder. Moseley dropped out of football after being released by the Houston Oilers 18 months ago but was picked up by the endlessly acquisitive Allen. He had booted five field goals the week before in a 16–15 loss to Buffalo, a performance that prepared him for the hero's role he assumed now by putting a 43-yarder squarely through the uprights.

Afterward, Pruitt wriggled his back in the locker room to show it was not badly hurt and said, "It isn't much, nothing to worry about." In a way, he and Theismann could be mutually reassured by their performances. The Redskin quarterback had also been considered too small for the NFL. **END**

Pruitt had trouble penetrating the massive Redskin line, but he set up two touchdowns.

WHEELING UP ON THE WORLD

The U.S. pedaled off with just one medal, but gained a lot of respect

by ROY BLOUNT JR.

It cannot be said that the United States melted everybody's spokes in the 75th annual World Cycling Championships at Montreal, a 12-day affair that ended last Sunday. Sheila Young, America's best-known cyclist, lost her world sprint title. In the 109-mile individual road race, the U.S. men all bombed out. And the American tandem team of Jerry (Crash) Ash and Steve Woznick looked sweet until their rear wheel collapsed in one heat and the Russians buried them in the next.

Novarra won this heat, but lost in the final

But Sheila's countryperson and archrival Sue Novarra, riding at times with the dash of her near-namesake Ramon, who was the original cinematic Ben Hur, won a silver medal in the women's sprint, and three of the top six finishers in that event were Americans. Four U.S. road racers reached a modern U.S. men's high-water mark when they finished ahead of 14 other countries (and behind only eight) in the 100-kilometer team time trial. And Ash succeeded, he claimed, in persuading some Russian riders that the twin scars on his legs were traces of an operation in which deer tendons had been implanted in his thighs.

The championships were dominated by well-financed Russians, West Germans and Dutch, by comparison the U.S. delegation was ragtag. Still, when it was all over, the major powers were talking to the Americans with more respect than they did two or three years ago. Don't be surprised if the Russians start looking into this deer-tendon idea. In cycling, the U.S. is an emerging nation.

This development can only be seen as healthy. For the active enthusiast, cycling affords good exercise and an alternative to automotive gas consumption, thereby strengthening this nation's hand against heart disease and the Arabs. For the spectator the sport provides excitement and strange effects.

The track events of the championships were to be held in the velodrome now being constructed in Montreal for the 1976 Olympics, but what with one thing and another the velodrome was not ready in time. So a 285.714-meter track was hastily constructed from Canadian spruce in the outdoor stadium of the University of Montreal sports center.

On these temporary but esthetically pleasing boards representatives of 51 nations pedaled. They went at speeds of up to 45 miles per hour. They would go so high on the steep banks of the turns that they were almost horizontal. Then, to make their swiftest rushes, they would peel off downward like gulls diving. They also fell a lot, breaking their skin, and the way they rode it was a wonder they didn't fall more and break their necks.

In the professional final of an event called the motor-paced, or *demi-fond* in French, each rider followed half an inch or so behind a roaring motorcycle for a solid hour. The motorcycle was steered with knee pressure by a driver in a baggy black leather suit, standing rigidly like a dummy to provide the greatest possible slipstream. It is possible to hold speeds up to 50 mph in this strange setup, and the fastest pro of them all in Montreal was Cees Stam of Holland. The derivation of *demi-fond* is obscure, but if by any chance it is translatable as "half-bottom" it may refer to what the rider has left afterward.

If the *demi-fond* and bike racing in general enjoyed the long-standing popularity and importance in the U.S. that they do in Europe, we might now have a man planning to follow Evel Knievel across the Snake River Canyon on a bicycle. But even though today there is twice as much expense money around for U.S. amateurs as there was two years ago, the riders still lead a hand-to-mouth, cycle-bum existence. Unlike almost all the others in Montreal, the U.S. team had no masseur, little concerted training, not even a team doctor. It used the Russian doctor a couple of times.

The American team did, however, have good athletes and emancipated women. Toto Gerardin, the coach of France's great Daniel Morelon, whose eight-year domination of the men's sprint was ended in Montreal by the Russian Sergei Kravtsov, said that the U.S. was bound to evolve into a greater cycling country. The rich American combination of different ethnic strains produces the best athletes in the world, he opined, and American women are much less limited by the public's sense of what is properly female than European women are.

Last year, Sheila Young became the first non-Russian ever to win the women's sprint. She won bleeding, after falling and laying her head open—and having the cut stapled together so she could continue. She decided to quit bike racing and train all year for speed skating, in which she was also a world champion. "The sprints are pretty dangerous," she said a year later in Montreal. "I have had some pretty close calls. When I crashed I said, 'That's it,' but then people said I might be an inspiration to other

The Swedes line up for a victory bow after rolling away with the grueling 100-kilometer team race.

girls, so I stayed in another year, defending my title But I don't think I had the right attitude. On my first ride this year I fell and got a concussion "

And on her last ride this year in Montreal she was edged out by the width of a tire by three-time world champion Galina Tsareva of Russia, who is built like an NFL guard. Sheila put back on the floppy red hat she had been wearing between races, walked over to Tsareva and congratulated her. The Russian doctor translated Tsareva's friendly reply: "Thank you. But I can't skate."

It turned out that Tsareva couldn't ride a bike as fast as Sue Novarra, either. Tall and rangy, her long blonde hair streaming in the wind, Novarra cranked out the laps and came from up high on the boards to tear past Tsareva on the inside. After dismounting, she hollered, "Boy! I *got her*, didn't I? I waited for her to turn her head and I went *ptschooo* " Sue restlessly answered questions from the press and then declared expansively: "If anybody wants to know, I'm 18 years old."

But another Russian, Tamara Piltsikova—28 years old, if anybody wants to know—beat Sue in the finals. Sue's father, Jim, a former trumpet player who helps run an Italian restaurant in Flint, Mich., looked on from the stands. He thought—a lot of people thought—that Sue had won. But the scoreboard showed Piltsikova as the champion.

"*Mamma mia*," said Jim Novarra.

The Italian 100-kilometer team might well have said the same thing a few days later, when, along with such other traditionally strong entries as Belgium and France, they were beaten by the ninth-place U.S. quartet of John Howard, Wayne Stetina, Rich Hammen and Jim Ochowicz The race—in which the U.S finished 21st last year and 14th in the Munich Olympics—amounts to pedaling as hard as possible for more than two hours along a level stretch of pavement, in this case a closed-off length of the Trans-Canada Highway.

Each team goes off separately, so it is a matter of fighting the clock, the hot sun, the wind and the coasting instinct Team members take turns leading, cutting through the wind for the others; they switch rhythmically every 15 or 20 pedal strokes. But just keeping up is grinding work, the lactic acid builds up in the legs and "it's a horrible feeling," says Howard, the team's strongest puller most of the way. "You have to be constantly telling yourself that suffering is more noble. I finished just totally shattered. Which was what I wanted to do."

The Swedish team shattered at a somewhat higher pitch and won the gold. The Russians were second, but one of them was taken away in an ambulance.

For the U.S., however, the individual amateur road race was a bigger ordeal. The route took the riders up and around steep Mount Royal 14 times. Belgium's fabled Eddy Merckx, who won as expected over the same course in the professional road race the next day, called the course "murderous."

"I just blew completely apart," said John Allis of Boston. "I looked down and there were no legs there." And he was the one American, of six entered, who finished the race. He came in 64th

"They're strong enough," said U.S. Road Race Coach Butch Martin, 27, who is half black and half Italian—cycling's answer to Franco Harris—and who drives a cab part time in New York. "What the Americans lack most is international experience."

Two Poles, Janusz Kowalski and Rizard Szurkowski, finished one-two in the individual amateur road race. "Now the Poles are telling American jokes," was a line that went around.

But there may be a last laugh. Wait until the Poles hear the one about the deer tendons. **END**

A MAN WHO'D NEVER BITE A DOG

Nor is it in Joe Rudi to make news in any other way but at the ball park. The A's superb leftfielder marches in anonymity with a company of players whose ink never quite flows up to their abilities

by RON FIMRITE

In nearly every particular it had been a typical week for that most contentious of baseball families, the Oakland A's. Gene Tenace groused that the team's quirky management had violated a solemn vow never to play him at catcher, barring dire emergency. Tenace insisted that his hitting suffers when he is forced to move from first base to behind the plate. That night Tenace had been ordered by Manager Alvin Dark—or, quite possibly, by Owner Charles O. Finley—to catch. He did, and hit a grand-slam home run in the A's 7–1 win over the Milwaukee Brewers. Did that feat assuage his sense of outrage or jar his conviction that as a catcher he is a poor hitter? Not if his torrent of profanity is evidence.

Tenace was a first baseman the following evening as Larry Haney caught Blue Moon Odom, who, despite a 1-3 pitching record, was tossing live fastballs at the Brewers until his unexpected departure at Dark's behest in the seventh inning with two men on base and two out. Odom stomped off the mound and was smoldering in the clubhouse by the time the A's had succumbed 5–3.

"If I never pitch another game," he observed acidly, "I'll still say I don't think *I* should have been taken out of this one."

This sort of acerbic chatter is heard as often among the A's as it is in the Bunker menage. It is as characteristic as a Joe Rudi line drive. What was missing in this otherwise vintage A's series was, in fact, a Rudi line drive. The poor man was in what for him was an abysmal slump—he had gone three games without a hit and his average had dipped to .292. It was only the fourth time this season that Rudi had suffered through more than two games without even a single. Normally, he hits in better than 70% of his games, and the Brewer drought was mystifying to teammates grown accustomed to "Joe's two hits." Rudi's own reaction to this lapse was typically detached.

"A slump," he said, speaking softly amid clubhouse roistering, "is just one of those things. I haven't seen too many guys who haven't had them."

And then he strolled off to the showers, seemingly unconcerned, a tall, good-looking, well-set-up, anomalously placid man on a team noted as much for rancor as ability.

Not that anyone much notices when Rudi is in a slump or even when, as is more often the case, he is on a hitting tear. He does his job so unobtrusively and in such a workmanlike manner as to be virtually unobserved. And yet his manager—and most, if not all, managers in the American League—consider him to be the finest leftfielder in baseball. Rudi has already hit over .300 in two of his four full major league seasons and he has been a star in the A's consecutive World Series triumphs. He made only two errors last year, which is exactly one more than he made in 1972. Slump or no, he could hit .300 again this season, drive in 100 runs and hit about 20 home runs and 40 doubles. Says the A's captain, Third Baseman Sal Bando, "His value to this team is no more and no less than Reggie Jackson's. I think of them as equals."

And yet everybody knows Reggie Jackson. His face and muscular body adorn the covers of prestigious national publications. The very mention of his name will elicit choruses of cheers or catcalls in stadiums across the country. Rudi, meanwhile, must content himself with the distinction of being, as Jackson has jested, "the most overrated underrated player in baseball." "Joe Rudi," says Bay Area Writer Herb Michelson, "is the Arnold Tucker of baseball"—an allusion to the talented Army quarterback of the 1940s who had the bad luck to play in the same backfield with Glenn Davis and Doc Blanchard.

Rudi's misfortune—although he scarcely considers it one—is to play on the same team with such publicity grabbers as Jackson, Vida Blue, Catfish Hunter, Rollie Fingers, Bill North and Bando. Not to mention the Bible-thumping Dark and, inevitably, Charlie O. himself.

Rudi, the quiet man in a noisy place, is merely the prototypical unsung hero; he is not the only one. The Cincinnati Reds have three outstanding players whose praises are sung ever so softly: Tony Perez, Dave Concepcion and Cesar Geronimo—when compared with the choruses raised on behalf of Johnny Bench, Pete Rose and Joe Morgan. Of the slugging Pittsburgh Pirates, hardly anyone seems to notice that Al Oliver has hit .312 and .292 the past two seasons and has driven in 89 and 99 runs, respectively. Oliver, in the event you missed him, is also among the league's top 10 hitters again this year.

And what of Ted Sizemore, the canny little hitter whom nobody watches for the perfectly valid reason that batting second for the Cardinals, he is at the plate when Lou Brock is on the bases? Or how about Vada Pinson, perhaps the most obscure 2,600-hit man in the game's history? And what must it be like to be a Bill Singer on a staff with a Nolan Ryan? Pause for a moment over the plight of Milwaukee's Johnny Briggs, who averages about 20 homers a season but was not even mentioned in the team's season-ticket brochure.

"I have to admit I feel kind of neglected," Briggs says. "When it comes to the laurels part of it, the others get 'em."

Briggs' lament is an anthem that has been heard, if faintly, through the ages. Let's hear a belated huzzah for "Old Reliable" Tommy Henrich, who played next to and in the shadow of Joe DiMaggio. Or for Bob Meusel, who was the Yankee leftfielder when someone named Ruth was in right. Since the Babe outshone so many lesser lights, it would not

continued

Unhymned Rudi shares a smile with celebrity Jackson. Inset: other obscure heroes—St Louis' Sizemore and Pittsburgh's Oliver

even be stretching a point to include on this roster the most sung of all unsung heroes, Lou Gehrig.

For obvious reasons a mournful cry should be raised for the unsung siblings, such as Paul Dean, Dom DiMaggio and Lloyd Waner. For all of his now well-documented heroics, even Henry Aaron was considered unheralded until it became apparent that he, not Willie Mays, would break Ruth's record.

What is it then that keeps these stars out of the constellation? For many it is merely that they have suffered in comparison with more spectacular personalities on their teams. Some have played on losing teams or in media-poor cities. In this regard Bob Stevens of the San Francisco *Chronicle* spoke for much of the nation last week when he complained, "Anyone is unsung who does not play in New York City." Other unknown soldiers are merely quiet fellows who shrink from the limelight.

Joe Rudi fits into most of these categories. He certainly plays on a team with more flamboyant personalities, and though the A's are winners, he plays before minuscule audiences at home. He also has little use for celebrity high life. And to aggravate the situation, he is openly nettled at being considered unsung.

"I'm getting more and more ink about not getting ink than most people do who always get ink," he says. "Against Texas not long ago I had four hits and five RBIs and all I read about the next day was how little publicity I get."

However, Rudi has had his moments at center stage. His wall-crashing catch off Denis Menke in the 1972 World Series with Cincinnati is regarded as a classic of the genre, ranking right up there with Willie Mays' robbery of Vic Wertz and Al Gionfriddo's Joe DiMaggio heist. In this year's All-Star Game, Rudi made a diving catch in foul territory that would have been considered best-of-game had it not been followed moments later by a similar effort from teammate Jackson.

Though the one clearly outshines the other, Jackson and Rudi have been best friends since they played together eight years ago on the A's farm team in Modesto, a torrid Central Valley community where Rudi grew to manhood and met and married his high school sweetheart Sharon, now the mother of his two sons. No one sings Rudi's praises louder than Reggie.

"I just dig the guy," says he. "We have opposite personalities and that's probably why we jive. Sometimes I have to be cognizant of not dominating our relationship, like in picking movies to see and places to go. Joe is quiet, passive, subdued, but in private he likes to have a good time, down a few beers, raise a little hell. But he's that way only around people he's comfortable with.

"If you don't know him, you say, 'Aw, there's old Joe, a nice quiet guy who'll sign anything Finley sends around to him.' But he's a man's man. Not only do I like him, I respect him. He's always true to his word. There's nothing you can say bad about him. No, that's not right, there is something you can say bad about him—he's allowed himself to be underpaid. His shyness and humbleness are the reason for this. His public projection of humbleness has hurt him."

Rudi would concur. "I've always been a fairly easygoing guy, never pushy. When Finley would tell me, 'That's all you're getting,' I'd take it at face value. I didn't want to be a holdout and I can't blame Finley. He's a businessman. He wants to keep his payroll down."

Rudi was one of nine A's who took Finley to salary arbitration last winter. He was also one of the four who lost the fight. A series of virus ailments and assorted injuries cut down on Rudi's playing time last year, so that he was not completely healthy until near the end of the season. He hit .366 in the last 30 games and finished the year at .270, some 35 percentage points below his 1972 average. But he hit .333 against the Mets' tough pitchers in the World Series and, as always, fielded brilliantly. At salary time he asked for $67,500, an increase of $17,500 over what he earned in 1973. After arbitration he settled for $55,000. There was no bitterness, although he and Tenace were alone among the A's stars to flunk out in arbitration.

"Money doesn't mean all that much," Rudi says, almost convincingly. "If you make a lot of money, you have to put up with all the bull. That's the trouble with being famous. It's nice to be able to go into a restaurant with your family and not be recognized, to be able to go where normal people go and not be hassled. I hear some players complain about how they can't get any peace when they go out at night. But where do they go? To places where they know they'll be recognized. You hear ballplayers gripe and moan, but I can't think of one of them who'd say, 'Find me something else to do.'"

By his own acknowledgment Rudi is a self-made player. He has only average speed and he compensates with pinpoint accuracy for what his arm lacks in strength. He has learned to play the hitters well, and because he normally stands closer to the infield than most leftfielders, he is particularly adept at cutting off bloopers. At 205 pounds Rudi can hit for power, but he prefers to shorten his swing and spray line drives to all fields. This was not always his style.

"I was a pull hitter when I first came up," he says. "I held the bat high like Yaz and I took a big swing. In 1970 Charley Lau [then the A's hitting coach] changed me around. He closed up my stance and taught me a more compact, quicker swing. I learned to go with the pitch. I'm the type of player who has to concentrate on being consistent, doing all things well. I had some talent, but nowhere near what Reggie had. I could never run and throw with him or hit with such power, so I had to learn to do well in other things."

"Joe is like a Bill Bradley in basketball," says Jackson, an avid fan of all sports. "He doesn't have a lot of color, but he's a hell of a defensive player and a hell of a team player. And he seldom makes mental mistakes."

"I'll say one thing about Joe Rudi," said Milwaukee Manager Del Crandall, watching Rudi in batting practice. "He may be underestimated, but never by a manager and never by a ballplayer."

Rudi can endure slumps such as last week's with equanimity because they must end—he ended his on Sunday with a rather unseemly flourish, a grand-slam home run and a double against Boston—and because, as he says, "Baseball is not an end in itself. It's just a period of time you go through. When you're finished as a player, you're not just going to pass away. The older you get [Rudi will be 28 Sept. 7], the more you realize this. I have some real estate investments and I like fixing up houses. There'll be plenty for me to do."

And in the meantime?

"I'll just try to keep my mouth shut, do my job and keep out of people's way."

And, he might have added, go about his business unseduced by the bitch-goddess, fame, if it can be said of someone with his ability that he can elude the lady much longer. **END**

Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch!

Tareyton is better/Charcoal is why
Tareyton's activated charcoal delivers a better taste
A taste no plain white filter can match

Warning. The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King Size 21 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine.
100 mm 21 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report March '74

THE FARTHER THEY ARE, THE HARDER THEY FALL

The event is so hidden away from any boxing traditions that one half-expects Muhammad Ali to approach his opponent and murmur, "Dr. Foreman, I presume?" Not that sport is unfamiliar to Zaïre. Residents are busy with wrestling, basketball, bicycle races and go absolutely bananas over soccer. It is just that an event like the fight for the Heavyweight Telster Title is the biggest thing yet and the whole nation loves the idea. Starting with the scenes here, and in the pictures and stories on the following pages, the idea grows that there'll be a hot time in old Kinshasa that night.

Ironing things out in Kinshasa

The word has been passed around in Zaire that everybody will be on his best behavior for the thousands of visitors expected in a couple of weeks, and for the millions of others who will be looking in on this exotic country via television. This is not to imply that Zaïrians ordinarily misbehave—any tendency in that direction was pretty much quashed last May when President Joseph Mobutu threatened the public execution of 48 accused lawbreakers without trial. So much for discipline. What counts now is image—and getting ready for the main event.

The *Vingt du Mai* soccer stadium is being painted, patched and lighted by a 400-man crew that works from daybreak until dark. With a little companionable crowding, they say it will hold 62,800 fans: 48,000 in backless seats in the upper rows, 8,800 closer to the action in seats equipped with backrests and 6,000 in seats to be installed at field level, which makes for the biggest ringside gallery in recent boxing history. The fight is set for Sept. 25 at 3 a.m. Zaire time, so that it can be shown in New York at 10 p.m. on Sept. 24. Early-morning spectating does not bother the Zaïrians. Well, there is one nagging little worry: last year the rainy season started a touch early, on Sept. 18, and in this part of the world being caught in a shower has been compared to sitting under the sluiceway of Hoover Dam. Still, the promoters can take comfort in the fact that the ring will be covered so at least the two fighters who have made all this possible will not drown.

Housing in the capital city of Kinshasa—better known as Leopoldville when Zaïre was the Belgian Congo—will be even more chancy than the weather. One starts with total government control: all rentable beds in Kinshasa and environs have been commandeered for the occasion. Three hotels offer 446 first-class rooms, there are another 4,300 or so beds at the Kinshasa University dorms; the remaining foreigners will be put up in a resort area called N'sele, about 30 miles from town. This includes the fighters themselves, who will train in the same gym on an alternating schedule. The resort area, which is owned by Mobutu, includes his summer palace, his own riverside house, an estate of bungalows, a self-service restaurant and a fine swimming pool.

Before bedding down, a traveler must undergo a currency check at Kinshasa's Ndjili Airport. Each visitor's money is counted. If he tries to leave the country with more foreign cash than he entered with, he is in deep trouble. This has to do with the fact that the official exchange rate, which the visitor gets, is around .50 zaire to the dollar, the black-market rate, which is offered extensively, can be as high as one for one.

A financial term which every visitor to Zaïre becomes familiar with is *matabiche*, which means payola, tip or bribe. Most of one's transactions in the country involve *matabiche*—and confusion. One recent tourist making his first trip to Zaïre encountered a local in the airport who gestured that he was a taxi driver. Booked with a nod, the driver took up one of the traveler's bags and was suddenly set upon, shoved around and punched by another driver. A soldier intervened, a torrent of strong language arose and the anxious traveler shrugged and got into the original driver's car. Then a man claiming to be chief of all the taxis stuck his head in the window and asked the traveler for *matabiche*. As the chief had done nothing to earn a tip, he was asked by the traveler, "*Pourquoi?*" (The official language of Zaire is French, the local dialect Lingala. English speakers are rare.) Set back by a question of such unreasonable simplicity, the chief thought a moment and replied that it was because he was the chief. The traveler, unconvinced, grinned at the chief. The chief grinned back. The taxi moved off.

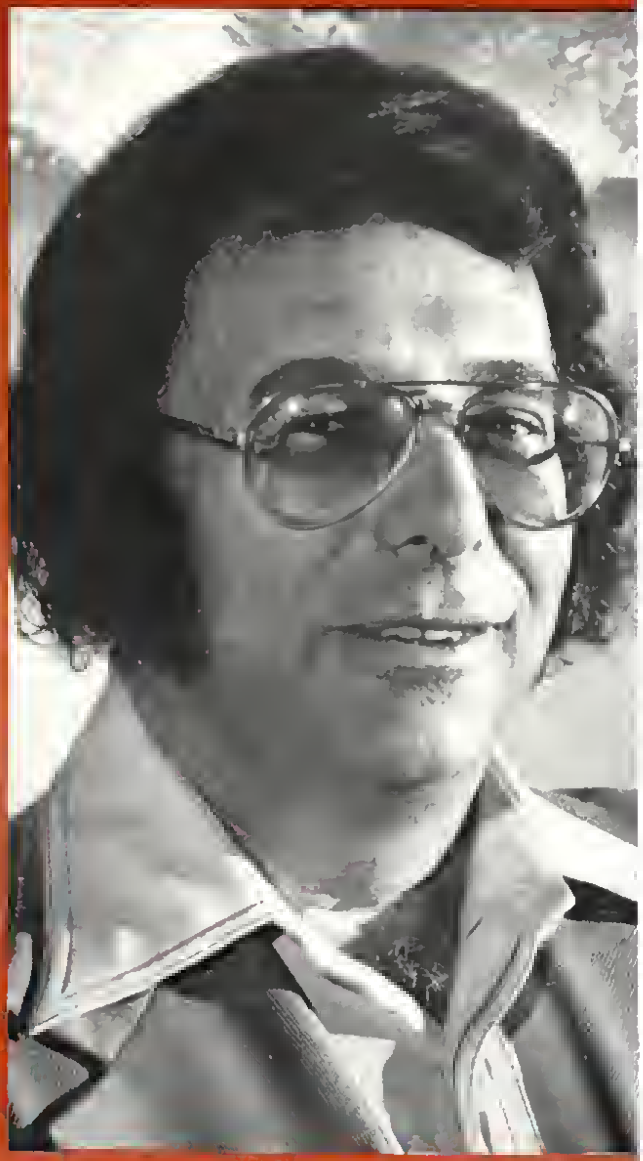
Whatever a taxi chief's role may or may not be, it is safe to call him a citizen. *Citoyen* or *citoyenne*, depending on sex, is the correct form of address for everyone from waiters to ministers. That convention is part of the new official scheme of equality and further represents a restructuring of colonial values. Mobutu declared last November that Zaïre would be Zaïrized and that the Zaïrois would take over the country's enterprises. To discourage Western dress, he also made it illegal for Zairois to wear neckties.

After Muhammad Ali recently claimed Zaïrois ancestry, the Zaïrois in the street in turn claimed Ali as something of a personal relation. Most of the locals are rooting for "Cassius," as they tend to call him, and assume he must win. Some foreign embassy security men have voiced fears that the stadium crowd might erupt if Foreman lays Ali low. But sporting crowds in Zaïre—at the weekly bicycle races, for instance, or at the strange, almost tongue-in-cheek local wrestling matches called *luttes*—seem friendly, unfanatical and quite orderly. When crowd control is exercised, however, it is always by gendarmes spiritedly swinging clubs.

Aside from the currency restrictions, there is one other thing a visitor to Zaïre ought to know about: he should not count on doing his own wash-and-wear clothes and hanging them up to dry. Fight visitors should make sure everything they wear in the country is laundered and ironed, because ironing kills the Michango worm. This is a local parasite which introduces itself under the skin—often through the soles of the feet—and proceeds subcutaneously around the body until it reaches the soft part under the eye, where it can at last be removed by an operation. It is not illegal to take a Michango worm out of the country.

Text and photographs by GRAHAM FINLAYSON

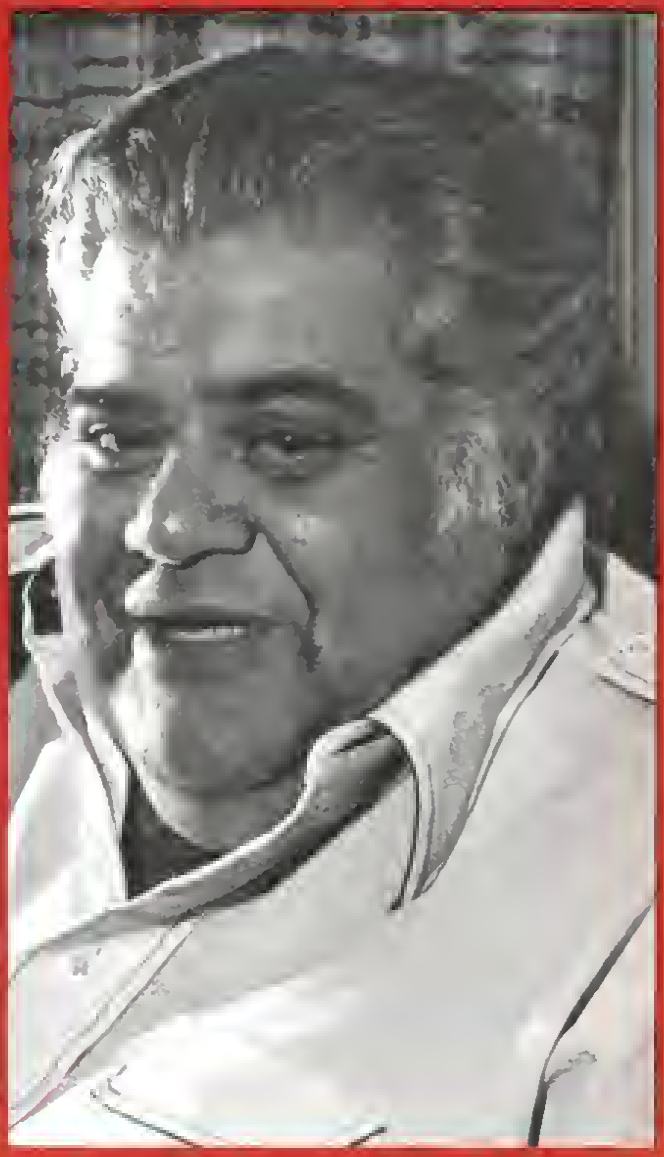
HOMETOWN FOOTBALL HERO Mayanga Maku poses at top left with *his wife, son and two sisters – both of whom are on Zaire's national* women's basketball team. The ivory market will be an attraction for visitors, while looming not far from town is the soccer stadium being renovated for fight night. At left, members of the Zaïre boxing commission complete an inspection of the refurbished facility.



THE FIGHT'S LONE ARRANGER

Perhaps the world's most dispsrate bsnd of promoters, they were brought together by one msn who convinced both Muhsmmsd Aii snd George Foreman thst bisck is not only besutiful but best for both sides

by MARK KRAM



WHEELING AND DEALING his way into boxing history, Don King (*above*) assembled the package for the fight in Africa, aided by London's John Daly (*far left*), who came up with the first $200,000, Henry Schwartz (*left*) and Barry Burnstein, both representing Video Techniques

Boxing promoters have seldom been easy on the eyes or the ears. There has always been a flaccid, pulpy quality to their presence, and often it seemed that if one tried to reach out and grab whatever it is they represent there would only be air, or at best a gummy substance. They viewed words like loyalty, character and honor as cave animals might look upon sunlight; such things always surprised them. There have been various species (none of them black) fat and rumpled, thin and dandyish, even a woman who could stare a manager into marble. They have all shared a common ground: a sincere belief in the fathomless ignorance of humankind.

The state of the ring being what it is, the old independent promoters are not too visible anymore. Their robes have been passed on to men more compatible with a technological age and its uses in boxing. The newcomers wear Cardin suits, keep the French sauces off their ties and talk of millions in metallic voices. They know the law, taxes and politics and generally thrive in this land of the fee and home of the crave. They rarely use the first person—it is always "we"—and nothing can erase their plastic smiles, unless, perhaps, Switzerland should vanish like Atlantis. Most of all, they think in terms of the gigantic, look to seize the event that defies ordinary words and descriptions: Ali vs. Frazier, Ali vs. Foreman. They play a deadly game.

The thought of a black man in this sophisticated company is naive. Even in less complicated times, when promoters did not have to contend with the complexities of

continued

closed-circuit television, black meant only one thing: sweat. Blacks carried the buckets, cleaned the cuts and scrounged for work whenever a fight camp was setting up. That is changing. Blacks make decisions now, they even close deals, but none had cracked through to the center of power, to those plush offices where the packages are deftly pieced together. And then suddenly came a long, dark wind out of Ohio, and when everyone next looked, the landscape in boxing was not the same.

The man is Don King, big, black and hardly beautiful, a 50-carat setting of sparkling vulgarity and raw energy, a man who wants to swallow mountains, walk on oceans and sleep on clouds. He has no tenure as a maker of the spectacular in boxing; indeed he may never acquire any considering the seismographic needle that records the ring's power shifts. But for now he is the main man, the principal character behind the scenes of the Ali-Foreman fight in Zaïre. It could be the richest prize in the history of the ring, and Don King snatched it right out from under the smirks of those who never have anything taken from them—especially by a black man without a club in his hand.

The whole ticket for Ali-Foreman comes to $11.5 million. Each fighter gets $5 million. The promotional funds come from two sources: Hemdale Leisure and Investment Ltd. of London and the government of Zaïre. John Daly, a young Englishman, is president of Hemdale. King represents Video Techniques, the closed-circuit company hired by Hemdale and Zaïre, and King's associates are two New York citizens named Barry Burnstein and Henry Schwartz. Hemdale is responsible for $1.5 million of the promotional nut. The balance is Zaïre's through a Swiss firm called Risnelia, which has interests in Zaïre. That is the official breakdown, but it is not official enough to satisfy rumors that range from insinuations of mob influenee to some bankrolling from Robert Vesco or Bernie Cornfeld.

Even without those last two it is hard to think of a promotion that has turned up a more disparate group of characters. First there is Daly, a neat little man from the south of London who worked as a ship steward before helping to build Hemdale's name in movies and rock music. He is a careful man, full of the latest public-relations jargon and he fits his office quite well. Asked if he is relaxed, he says, "Yes—but alert, too." Then there are Burnstein and Schwartz, who remind one of a burlesque comedy act. Burnstein weighs more than 300 pounds and is capable of eating several loaves of Italian bread before the main course arrives. Schwartz is a bland, forever-smiling middle-aged engineer out of Brooklyn; both Schwartz and Burnstein could be boffo on television selling hairpieces. Throw in the black power in Zaïre, and after the fight the group could suddenly be strangers to each other in a strange town.

In the middle of this, at the epicenter of the promotion, is Don King. He is about 6′ 4″, with a Falstaffian belly and hair that seems to stand straight up as if electrified. There are usually several books on his coffee table that seem to have been read into tatters: the poetry of John Donne, Shakespeare (he loves *The Merchant of Venice*), the Bible and a work by Gibran. Open the Gibran book, and it tells you where he has been. Up at the top in his own hand, it reads. "Donald King . . . No. 6178." The number was his only identification for four years, when he was a guest in Ohio's biggest house. The rap was manslaughter. The way King tells it the victim was a friend who worked for him as a lay-off man in his numbers domain. "When he got out of prison," says King, "I bought him new clothes, teeth, but then he turned around and bit me. He ran off with some money, and then I wouldn't let him work till he made good. He jumped me from behind, and we went outside. His head hit the concrete. . . ." King pauses. "He expired," he adds. "I have suffered great contrition since." He seems to like the sound of that sentence, for he is conscious of words, of lines that he can add to his repertoire.

A second-degree murder charge was knocked down to manslaughter by the judge, and King got 1-to-20 years. King did not appeal. He was scared of the legal system, afraid that if he lost he'd get 10 to 20. "So I went up, figuring I'd be paroled in 11 months," he says. The parole board thought otherwise. Influenced by King's reputation as the Lord of Numbers in Cleveland, the board let him stay for four years. They let him go in late 1971, and when he came outside he was barely intact, mentally and physically.

The refuge of the prison library saved him, he says. He was suddenly an explorer of a geography that he had never known before. His world had been one of Cadillacs, a fat wallet with never less than a grand in it, little slips of paper that were his lifeblood, and always danger. When the white mobs tried to move in on his territory, his life hung by a thread; once they tried to take him out with a shotgun, and then they blew up his house. All that is behind him now as he looks toward a life within the law. "Where the real villains are," he smiles.

King was soon in boxing, as the manager of three fighters: Earnie Shavers, Jeff Merritt and Ray Anderson. Nothing was too good for them. He bought one of them a new car, and he was a dramatic force (often sitting with him until dawn) in Merritt's defeat of his drug problem. But King could be tough, too. Once he thought that Anderson had hinted of violence during a contract talk. "Ray, we from the same gutter," said King. "Let's not jive each other. You could pick up that phone and make me dead in a half hour. I can pick it up and have you dead in five minutes." Taking the pen from King, Anderson docilely signed.

Soon Shavers and Merritt were ranked heavyweights, and King was saying, "I ain't been in this business more than six or seven months and I'm the manager of the year already. My fighters will fight anybody. They're going to be like Ali and Joe Louis." Then, sounding like Cyrano, he added, "Don't bring us mortal men. Bring us giants!" Shavers and Merritt soon proved to be ever so mortal. Jerry Quarry knocked out Shavers last December, and Merritt flopped badly soon after. But it was the loss by Shavers that struck the first spark for the Ali-Foreman fight. King had dropped by to see matchmaker Teddy Brenner at Madison Square Garden. He wanted to know if he could bring Shavers back to New York. Brenner turned to King coldly and said, "Earnie who?" King recoiled, but not nearly as much as when Robert Arum took a slice out of his pride.

Arum is still at the top as a mover and shaker in boxing, but several months ago his power was absolute. The name of Arum evokes rage from some in the business,

silence from others. King was neutral on the subject of Arum, that is until Arum garnisheed the purse from Shavers-Quarry in an effort to make sure he got his money from the closed-circuit rights in Ohio, which came to about $4,000. "I felt emasculated," says King. "The man did not even give me a chance to pay him." Add to this the whole business of King dealing with Arum for the TV rights to the second Ali-Frazier fight. King wanted the state of Ohio, and he put in a bid for $50,000. Arum termed it unrealistic, and King gave him another one for $75,000. King says that Arum assured him that Ohio was his. Several weeks passed and no contract arrived. King called Mike Malitz, Arum's associate. Malitz asserted that he knew nothing of any contract.

Finally it came down to Arum telling King that Malitz had accepted a bid for $80,000 and that he felt quite bad about it all. "He knew about the bid all the while," says King, "and he never had any intention of honoring mine. He gave the fight to a white man who'd never done boxing before." King was stung. He felt that he had been stripped of his dignity and he vowed to himself that he would have his day against Arum. King then decided he would make the Ali-Foreman fight, fly right into the teeth of Arum, who was Ali's lawyer as well as closed-circuit promoter.

King first went after Ali and Herbert Muhammad, who acts as Ali's manager. They listened to him, laughing all the way. King told Herbert what Arum had done to him, how a black man once more had been victimized by a white, how Arum couldn't care less about human beings, and he pulled out a then-recent magazine article to show how Arum had no feeling for Ali. Herbert scoffed, tried to defend Arum, but King pressed on. He summoned up the preachings of the Honorable Elijah Muhammad, Herbert's father. "You got to help the black man, that's what he teaches. You find a black man who can do the job, you got to let him do it before a white man, that's what he says." Herbert weakened. King then went with him to see Ali beat Frazier. Ali and Herbert drew closer to King, but they were still skeptical.

In New York, King intensified his pursuit. Herbert was afraid to make a move without Arum. King insisted that Arum could have no part of the promotion. Ali did not believe Foreman would fight him. "He's gonna wait till I'm too old," he said. King made steady progress, and Herbert finally relented. He and King shook hands. Herbert gave his word, which counts for everything in the black world. "I am ecstatic with delight!" King said. He then called partner Schwartz and told him he had Ali. Did Schwartz have Foreman, as he had indicated earlier? "Don," said Schwartz, "we *don't* have Foreman." King could not believe what he was hearing. He feared he was being measured for a fool's hat once more, and, according to his arrangement with Herbert, he had only one day to deliver Foreman's word to him.

King flew to California, where Foreman was training to fight Ken Norton in Venezuela. Foreman was in a bad mood. He was in the middle of a divorce. He felt that he had been taking a lot of bad advice and he knew for certain that his financial condition was chaotic. No, George Foreman would see *nobody*. King was in California only a few hours before he cornered Foreman in the parking lot outside of his hotel. The two of them walked around for two hours, and the mesmerizer King did not stop talking as he gave George a lecture on black history. Then he said, "George, I know people been screwin' you. But I tell you this. I'm going to give you a chance to make $5 million. Don't lose this chance." Foreman shot back, "Ali don't want to fight me." King said, "I can deliver him. I have his word."

King then stopped walking, pointed to the skin on his arm, and said, "This is *my* promotion. And *I'm* black. Here is a chance, a big chance to show all blacks that black men together can succeed like no one has ever believed we could." Foreman then turned to King, looked at him steadily for a long moment, and said, "I'm gonna give you an agreement. This is with

Continued

me. I've never done this before, but I'm givin' you my trust. You got the fight." King had just made it under the wire.

Now King had the word of Ali and Foreman—but no signed contracts. "To the white way of thinking," says King, "you don't have a commitment without a written contract. But their word was better than a contract." The negotiations began. King went to Ali and Herbert and they signed; so did Foreman. The fighters were guaranteed $100,000 apiece right off, to be followed several days later with another hundred grand to each. It was here that the financial noose tightened around King. Promoter Jack Solomons of London reversed an earlier promise to deliver backing. Then Ladbroke, the gambling club, jumped at the proposition, only to back out at the last moment. It was John Daly of Hemdale, approached by Schwartz, who put up the first $200,000. Daly said he was seduced by the historic nature of the event.

King tried to round out the circle of financing. Paths were beaten from Wall Street to London to Dallas. Mike Burke of the Garden declined. Jerry Perenchio, who did the first Ali-Frazier fight, sent his lawyer over. He examined the contracts (which had then been signed) with a magnifying glass. But Perenchio backed off. "His ego was crushed," says King. "That's all it was. A black man had beaten him."

It was in February when the first breeze from Arum's bullwhip was felt. The money picture was still unstable, to say the least, and even Daly and his backers were nervous, if not wavering. The slightest hint of trouble might send Daly & Co. sprinting toward an exit. In Herbert Muhammad's Manhattan hotel room, trouble walked through the door in the form of Arum and Brenner. Present were Herbert, Ali and Ali's sidekick Bundini Brown. King also was there, but when he found out who was coming he slipped into the bedroom. With the door cracked, King listened to Arum and Brenner's pitch to get Ali to fight Quarry in May. If Ali fought Quarry before Foreman, it might mean the end of King's grand plans. Sweating, King listened to an $850,000 offer for Ali.

"They actually told Ali," says King, "that Jerry truly loved him and deserved another chance. Arum, who didn't know the solid deal I had with Foreman and Muhammad, said a Foreman fight would never develop for Ali."

Ali came into the bedroom to join King. He was ready to sign for Quarry. But King prevailed, invoking heaven and black history: "This isn't just another fight. Freedom. Justice. That's what you'll be gainin' for your people by gettin' back the title."

"I hear ya, I hear ya," Ali said. He went back out and shouted to Arum and Brenner, "I ain't fightin'."

The scene now shifts to Paris, where King has a lead on one Fred Weymar, adviser to the Zaire government. Zaire was looking for something with which to project itself into a favorable light. In Paris, King, Schwartz and Daly meet with Weymar and Mandungu Bula, coordinator for the Zaire government. Weymar and Schwartz, their personalities clashing, do not like each other. King smooths things over and then goes one-on-one with Bula. The two leave for dinner, and King recalls that they talked amiably until suddenly Bula said

"Hey, brudder, what's the situation?"

"The situation is that you're about to get the biggest event in the history of the world!"

"But brudder . . . you're with Jews. Can you trust them, brudder?"

"You can trust this one," said King. "Let me tell you something. I find this man Hank Schwartz to be very credible. He's a brilliant man."

"Well, I'll see, brudder."

The next day, after one more meeting, Bula sent a wire to Zaire, saying, "I recommend this fight. I have found a very strong black man."

Letters of credit were then drawn up. Daly calls them works of art. They were so artful, in fact, that one bank declined responsibility. The bank finally came into line, and King sighed deeply. It was premature, for just ahead there was one more round of problems with Foreman. They began when he fought Norton in Caracas, the government went back on its word and taxed Foreman and Norton—and held Foreman under house arrest for five days. The Video Techniques people, including King, had long since left the country. Foreman was angry and humiliated. "There ain't gonna be a fight with Ali," he snapped. His confidence in Video Techniques was at a low ebb; his Venezuelan taxes had come to $247,000.

"You can't give me back those five days," said Foreman, "but I want my money back."

"You'll have $150,000 tomorrow," said King. "You gotta give me some time for the rest. You got my word." The $150,000 came the next day, the rest arrived 10 days later. And King finally emphasized: "I've dealt straight with you, George. Sure I'm a black promoter who needs the white money. But now we've got this fight in a black nation. And I'm out at the head of the parade, George. I'm nobody's nigger." Foreman was appeased once more.

Brush fires are still turning up, but as soon as they do King throws his whole being on them. Watching him at work, it is hard to resist the conclusion that he is the remarkable man that he says he is. He has done what no one ever thought he could do, or even attempt. Were it not for him, there would be no Foreman-Ali fight. And he did it with pure brass, and with an energy that was dammed up for four years of awful loneliness. Because of a crummy $5,000 (which was nothing to Arum) and because his manhood was insulted, he went after Bob Arum and came away with a grand slam in promotion.

There are criticisms. King is loud and uncouth; he is polarizing the promotion with his hard black line; he is an unprincipled braggart who disposes of people, once used, as if they were confetti. If true, then the future will see to him.

"Sure," King says, "I'll tell people anything they want to hear. But I don't cross anybody, like promoters have always done. My word is my soul. The Africans know this. They believe in me."

Even so, Zaire President Joseph Mobutu advised.

"Be careful, Donald King."

"I will," said King.

"And so, brudder," the president added, his voice barely a whisper, "may you catch a great animal and ride it across the heavens." **END**

ANNOUNCING
AND INTRODUCING
THE NEW
GREAT
TERRIFIC
TREMENDOUS
FANTASTIC
WONDERFUL
OLD GOLD
BOX.

Old Golds are also available in Kings and 100's.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box: ... nicotine, av. per cigarette, by FTC method
... nicotine 100's 22 mg. tar
... Mar '74

We're getting 60 million barrels of oil this year from wells that once were running low.

Using modern recovery techniques, Texaco can now produce enough crude oil from old wells to make enough gasoline to keep a million cars running in 1974.

Years ago when a well began to run low, you had to give up on it.

But starting around 1950, Texaco began using special recovery techniques to force oil out of the rock formations that lie deep in the earth. And in recent years, these "secondary recovery" methods have become more and more important in increasing Texaco's reserves and production in the United States.

Using techniques like water flooding, we pump water into the ground to bring up oil that would otherwise remain buried and useless.

Gas injection, another recovery technique, maintains pressure in the well and helps to increase oil recovery.

Still another recovery method is steam injection. Steam heats up the oil, thins it out, makes it flow easier. In this way, we get oil that couldn't be gotten before.

These techniques now account for over 20% of all the oil we'll produce this year right here in this country.

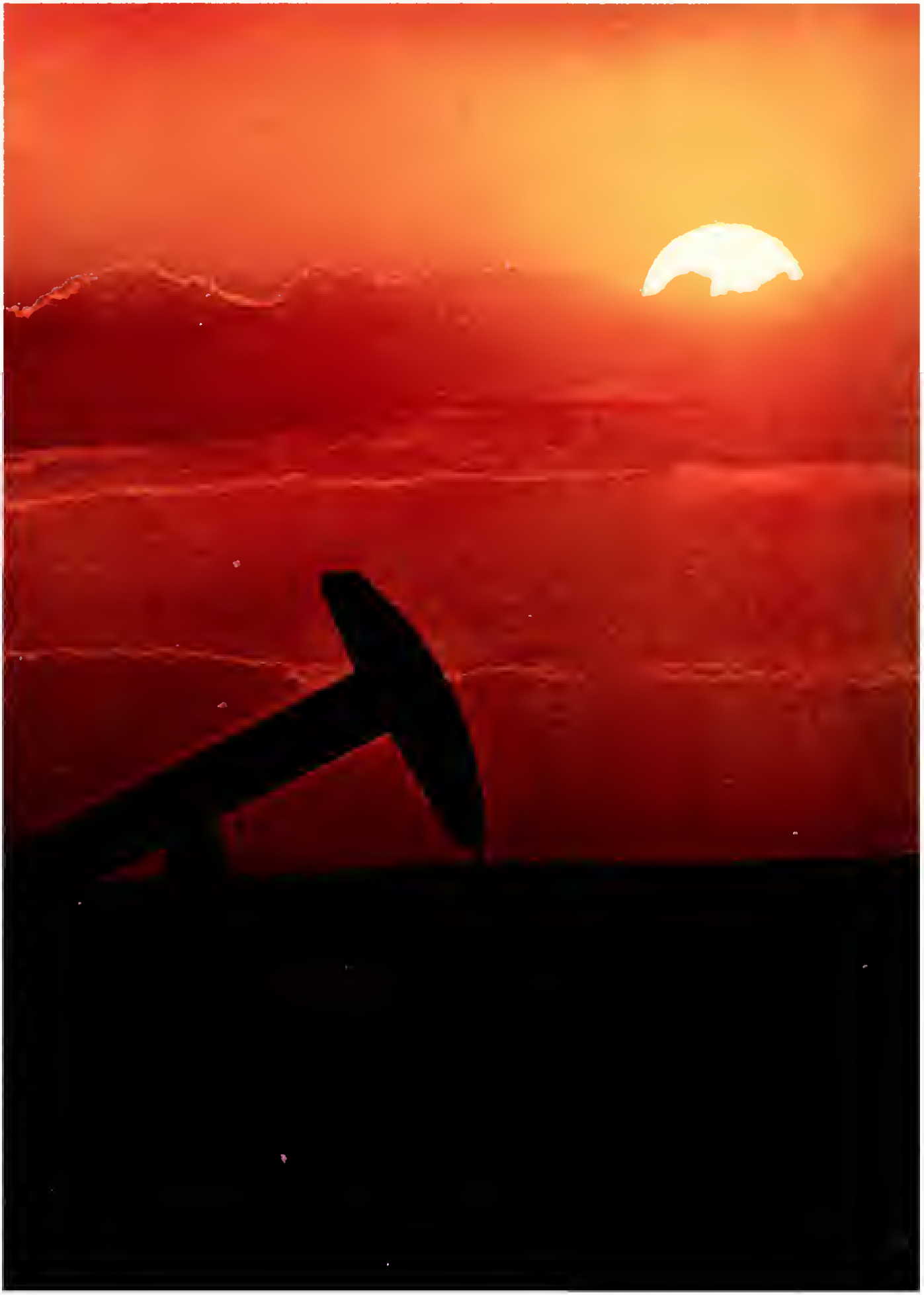
That's 60 million barrels of crude oil—over a billion gallons of gasoline in 1974.

That's enough gasoline to keep over a million American drivers happy for a year.

America needs energy. We're working to see that you get it.

TEXACO

We're working to keep your trust.



Let's hear a big moo for tradition

At Oshkosh B'Gosh tradition means good fit/good wear
But THE GUYS are our city britches, so you'll find them nicely styled and splendidly varied, too For the best pants under the sun, go the rural route
Get THE GUYS

The Guys
CITY BRITCHES

from Oshkosh B Gosh

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

A FRESH EYE AT CBS

When it was announced in May that Bill MacPhail, vice-president in charge of CBS' ailing sports department, had resigned for health reasons, the television industry could hardly believe it. Unlike most network jobs, the post of sports director turns over about as often as the expressions change on the faces of Mount Rushmore. During the TV sports boom of the last 15 years, only four men have held the job for any period of time: Tom Gallery of NBC (1952-63), MacPhail (1961-74), Carl Lindemann of NBC (1963-), and Roone Arledge of ABC (1963-). Gallery's and MacPhail's backgrounds were somewhat similar; both came to TV from major league baseball. Before taking over sports, Lindemann was, among other things, associate producer of *The Kate Smith Hour*. Arledge, as anyone at ABC will tell you, was born in a manger.

Conjecture in the broadcast and sports industries over who would be MacPhail's successor began to take on overtones of the $64,000 Question until it was finally disclosed that 37-year-old Robert Wussler had landed the job. The most common response to that announcement was, "Who?"

Wussler's background and experience clearly were not picked up while taking the waters at Toots Shor's, which helps explain why he was a new face to the sports crowd. He has been with CBS since shortly after graduating in 1957 from New Jersey's Seton Hall University, a school once described as "a campus surrounded by a gymnasium." Except for a few days as CBS' associate producer at the 1960 Squaw Valley Olympics, his major credits are in news, *hard* news. Along the way he has had a hand in the coverage of some events that were big even by Super Bowl standards, such as all 27 manned space flights in the Mercury, Gemini and Apollo series. He won his first of three Emmy Awards in 1969 for CBS' coverage of the slaying and funeral of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.

Wussler is 6', smokes cigars, has six children—including two sets of twins—and says, "I am not a sports buff. I'm a sports fanatic, a distinction I share with millions of Americans, and one which describes what I think is a perfectly acceptable form of social behavior in 1974. Television sports programming has many of the most significant attributes of news broadcasting, but it also has a very positive aspect that the regular news does not always have in the events it reports. I believe that by using more news techniques in sports television we can raise coverage to a level it has never enjoyed before. It is not just a world of games, it is a world of people. That is a story we have not really even begun to tell. Television has not brought forth the truth about the subject of sports."

WUSSLER IS POINTING FOR HIS NEIGHBORING NEMESIS, ABC

The harshest truths immediately facing Wussler at CBS do not lie simply in ratings, where the network is running third, but in image, where CBS' once-preeminent status is badly tarnished, and in profits, which do not exist. For years CBS has maintained that it breaks about even in covering sports, not necessarily a bad situation except that ABC has been making money and enhancing its image at the same time. "One of the problems with CBS sports in recent years," a detractor said last week, "is that they would send 30 guys out to cover something and 15 of them would be in charge of party hats."

This spring CBS lost the telecasting rights for future Kentucky Derbies to ABC because Arledge was faster afoot, tendered a higher bid and promised to help promote the Derby with earlier racing shows. That left CBS with the two hindquarters of the Triple Crown, while its rival had the race everyone really wanted to watch. During the 1973-74 NBA season CBS was universally panned for its telecasts, which were considered far inferior to the ones put on in previous seasons by their New York neighbors in the ABC building. Even Wussler says, "I saw what we did with the NBA and we were about half as good as ABC was."

Wussler intends to change all that. For starters, he will try to perk up the low ratings of the NBA coverage by airing the early-season telecasts—which last year went almost unnoticed on Saturday afternoons—on Sundays in pro football-basketball doubleheaders. "We don't intend to be competitive in the world of sports television," he says. "We intend to become No. 1 in sports television, and as quickly as it can be accomplished. To those who ask how we propose to do that, I say only one thing—watch!"

Among the things Wussler would like people to watch and recognize are CBS announcers. "I intend to make them anchor people," he says. "CBS has two announcers, Jack Whitaker and Pat Summerall, who are known. I want at least five who are *well* known. We have too many guys who seem to drop out of the sky in parachutes. I'm going to have 12 reporters who are out and around and on top of stories."

Wussler also is looking for a woman announcer, is seriously involved in the international bidding for the home-run hitting contest between Henry Aaron and Sadaharu Oh and believes that box lacrosse might have a chance as a TV sport. "We do not propose more gimmickry, we don't propose to turn sports events into talk shows, and we don't wish to make ourselves bigger than the events we're covering," he says. "We will apply more creative imagination and more honesty to the inherent drama of sports."

For those in the sporting media, the biggest drama of all will be seeing if Wussler can pull it off. **END**

BASEBALL / *Robert H. Boyle*

Chinatown. Oh, my, Chinatown

Teiwan agein owned Williamsport In the Little Leegue World Series

The title on the marquee of the State Theater in downtown Williamsport, Pa. last week said it all: *Chinatown*. Across the west branch of the Susquehanna River from the cinema, a team of 14 Chinese players from Taiwan's East Kaohsiung Little League was making rice soup of their three U.S. opponents in the Little League World Series with superb pitching, hard hitting and steady fielding. The series victory was a record fourth straight and the fifth in the last six years for Taiwan. Midway through the series Manager Shau Chang-kueng, a taciturn sporting-goods salesman, allowed through an interpreter that his team was "lucky." He did not mean that the Kaohsiung boys were fortunate to win at Williamsport; their good luck had come back home when they defeated the powerful Tainan team for the honor of representing Taiwan (SI, Aug. 19). These days the battle of Williamsport is not won in Pennsylvania, but on the playing fields of the Republic of China.

In their cabin in International Grove next to Howard J. Lamade Memorial Field, the Chinese lived like the other Little Leaguers, except that they ate native fare prepared gratis by the proprietors of Williamsport's Yen King restaurant. Since co-owner and cook Yen Yu-cho was formerly chef at the Chinese Embassy in Washington, the boys dined well, and in explaining the largesse, Yen's partner Joe Miao translated an old folk saying: "If you go someplace and eat nice meal, you not homesick."

There was little chance of that. Taiwan's presence was everywhere in the Little League compound. Chinese fans came in clusters, some of them driving to Williamsport in cars festooned with Republic of China flags. About 20 of the island's sportswriters were there, along with a group of Chinese musicians who drummed for a lion dance. There were huge banners with characters meaning "Add oil," the Chinese way of saying "Go get 'em."

Although this was the first time East Kaohsiung had played at Williamsport, the name Taiwan itself had enough get-up-and-go to rattle the psyches of the opposition. In their first game the Chinese scored seven runs on only two hits in one inning against New Haven, Conn., representing the East. (Taiwan was the Far East.) The Chinese would have won even without the walks and errors. They had 10 hits and four home runs and won 16-0. The star of the game—and the series—was Lin Wen-hsiang, a lean righthander who pitched a one-hitter and homered on opening day.

In the semis No. 2 starter Kao Sun-teh threw a one-hitter against Tallmadge, Ohio, and Lin, playing first base now, hit two more homers as his team won 11-0.

NO CHINESE hitter, Lin averaged .727 and tied a record with five home runs.

For U.S. fans all was not necessarily lost in the finals. West representative Red Bluff, Calif. had been on the road for about two weeks, playing its way to Williamsport like a band of midget Mets. The California club had been dismissed as an obscure outfit that would not get out of the state playoffs. The obscurity was deserved, since Red Bluff is a town of 7,676 people stuck off in the Sacramento Valley. But under the urging of beekeeper-manager Jack Gleason, the team slipped, slithered and perhaps even bluffed its way past 13 opponents and suddenly found itself in the World Series.

When Red Bluff's road show finally reached Williamsport, Mark Keluche, a roly-poly 250-pound Indian and the club's No. 1 pitcher, quickly became the darling of the crowd. He and his teammates had the knack of being just as good as they had to be. In the first round Keluche shut out Canada, represented by Victoria, British Columbia, 3-0, and in the semis against Latin America (Maracaibo, Venezuela) Red Bluff came from behind to win 4-3 in a tragedy of errors.

With a beekeeper-manager, a 250-pound Indian pitcher and a third baseman named Rocky Ponciano, Red Bluff had the makings of the sort of legend needed to deal with the invading Taiwanese. But, as usual, it turned out that the Chinese performed all the heroics.

Helped by a muffed fly, Taiwan ripped into Keluche's fastballs in the first inning and scored five runs, two of them on Lin's fourth homer of the series. When Lin came up in the second, Keluche dusted him off. The crowd roared. So Lin slammed the next pitch over the left-field fence for still another homer to tie the series record. He subsequently added a pair of singles to bring his series batting average to .727 and on the mound he gave up only two hits. One of them was really a rare error by his second baseman on an erratically bouncing grounder hit by First Baseman Greg Shoff, but the other was a gigantic homer by Shoff. It was the first run off Taiwan pitching in the World Series since 1972. After the 12-1 final score was posted the Taiwan players accepted the winning plaque and flag with polite smiles, and Manager Shau really opened up. "The kids did a good job," he said.

By winning once again Taiwan has also done a job on the Little League World Series. There is growing resentment of the Chinese victories at Williamsport and

while not speaking well of the grumblers, this sourness may indicate that the vigorous support the series has long received may soon die off. "It's a concern of ours," admitted Little League President Dr. Creighton J. Hale just before Taiwan's expected victory. "We continue trying to cope with this. The trouble is, we're put in the position of criticizing excellence in children."

THE WEEK

(Aug. 18-24)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NL WEST The base running of Mike Marshall and the slugging of Davey Lopes were improbable boosts for Los Angeles. It was unsurprising that Marshall hurled six scoreless innings of relief against Chicago, but it was startling when he scored the winning run in the 12th by galloping home from second base on an infield out. The next day Lopes, who had hit only three homers all season, unloaded three in an 18–8 romp over the Cubs and barely missed a fourth when he doubled high off the wall. Then Lopes climaxed a 4-2 week for the Dodgers with another extraordinary performance. He equaled a 70-year-old league record by stealing five bases to help Don Sutton defeat the Cardinals 3–0. Lopes was out trying for a sixth.

Cincinnati maintained its relentless pursuit of the Dodgers by winning five of six games. Joe Morgan drove in seven runs in one game, and Johnny Bench four in another. For Bench, who had eight RBIs for the week, it was the continuation of a prolonged batting surge during which he has driven across 48 runs in 44 contests.

Atlanta topped off a 6-1 week by sweeping three games from New York, including its first doubleheader triumph since July 1972. Darrell Evans had four homers, Henry Aaron batted .381 and Tom House yielded just one run in 11⅓ innings of relief.

Houston, 5-1, received superb pitching from Larry Dierker, who baffled the Phillies 1–0, and Dave Roberts, who also stopped Philadelphia 1–0 and added another shutout against Montreal.

San Francisco, 2-4, and San Diego, 1-4, were the West's only losers. The Giants, who have done a lot of backward things this year, defeated the Pirates 8–7 with the aid of Mike Caldwell, who had retired to the clubhouse *before* pitching. And there he was as his teammates rallied for five ninth-inning runs. He wandered out again and volunteered to pitch—and went back to the clubhouse a few minutes later with his 12th win after the Giants scored the deciding run in the 10th. Willie McCovey's third homer in as many games gave Dave Freisleben of the Padres a 3–0 win over the Expos.

LA 79-47 CIN 77-50 ATL 70-66
HOUS 66-60 SF 66-71 SD 46-77

NL EAST The low point of a dismal 2-4 week for St. Louis was an 11–6 loss to Atlanta in which the Cardinals squandered a 5–0 lead. The Cards could not fault Lou Brock as they allowed their lead to shrink to one game. He stole six bases to bring his season total to 88 and beat Dodger Mike Marshall 2–1 with a ninth-inning hit.

Pittsburgh, 3-2, was the only team in the division with a winning record. Richie Zisk batted .550, Rennie Stennett averaged .458 and Dock Ellis stopped the Giants 4–2 for his seventh straight win.

Philadelphia and Montreal were both 2-4. Phillie Mike Schmidt smashed four homers to tie Dick Allen of the White Sox for the major league lead at 32. Ron Hunt, angered because the Padres had intentionally walked Ken Singleton to pitch to him, singled in the winning run of an 8–7 Expo victory.

For New York Manager Yogi Berra it was a frustrating week in which his stratagems backfired. Four intentional walks he ordered were immediately followed by disaster: Dave Concepcion hit a three-run homer for a 6–5 Red win. Milt May singled in the 11th for a 2–1 Astro victory; Mike Lum singled in the 10th for a 4–3 Brave triumph; and with the score tied at 3-all in the 10th in another game with Atlanta, Berra had Lum walked to load the bases. Bob Miller promptly fouled up that tactic by walking Norm Miller to force in the deciding score.

Chicago split six games, beating San Diego 14–6, using five pitchers to hold off San Francisco 2–1 and downing the Giants 1–0 behind Rick Reuschel.

ST. L 66-61 PITT 64-61 PHIL 63-63
MONT 66-66 NY 63-70 CHI 52-71

AL WEST "This is the real draggy time of the season," said Oakland Manager Alvin Dark. Feeling some of his A's did not give 100% on the field after sipping 100-proof in the sky, he banned hard liquor on team flights. It was a decision that left some A's up in the air. Dark hoped his edict would create a thirst for winning, but his A's merely split six games.

Kansas City, which trailed Oakland by 8½ at the end of July, reduced the deficit to four games with a 4-3 week. Apparently, what turned the Royals around was a group fault-finding session. "It got heated at times, but it cleared the air," one Royal revealed last week. There was little fault to find with the pitching of Steve Busby, who won for the 19th time, or Al Fitzmorris, who blanked Cleveland 2–0 with help from Lindy McDaniel and then went all the way to top Milwaukee 4–0.

Former National Leaguers Ferguson Jenkins and Jim Bibby became 18-game winners for Texas with home-run support from Toby Harrah and Jeff Burroughs, who now has 104 RBIs.

"That togetherness, that thing we had going, just isn't there anymore," said Dick Allen during a 2-4 week for Chicago. Larry Hisle grand-slammed Baltimore 9–5, but Minnesota lost four of six.

California's Nolan Ryan was at it again, striking out 19 Detroit batters before losing 1–0 in the 11th. That gave him another record—a three-game total of 47 whiffs. Said Ryan, who will not be 28 until January, "Within the next year or two I should reach maturity."

OAK 72-66 KC 67-56 TEX 66-62
CHI 62-54 MINN 61-62 CAL 60-77

AL EAST Commenting on his team's paltry home-run output, Boston Manager Darrel Johnson said, "Denting home plate is all that counts. I don't give a Fig Newton how we do it." For the rest of the division, that was the way the cookie—and the pennant race—crumbled as the Red Sox pecked away for five wins in six tries and widened their lead from 3½ games to six. Rogelio Moret one-hit Chicago 4–0, and Luis Tiant, despite a backache from moving furniture into his new house, won twice. His second victory, a 3–0 conquest of Oakland, made him the majors' first 20-game winner. Helping him to that triumph was Tommy Harper, who slugged the first Red Sox homer in 12 games.

Groping for levity and team unity, Baltimore resurrected its Kangaroo Kourt of a few seasons ago, levying fines for such misdemeanors as carrying a candy bar and wearing a Chicago Cub T shirt. Dave McNally added to the hilarity by winning two games, but there was little else to smile about as the Orioles lost three of their other four contests.

In last place as recently as July 15, New York moved up to second with five wins in six games. Pat Dobson got two of the victories, and Doc Medich earned his 15th win of the year.

Both Cleveland and Detroit were 1-5, but the Tigers still felt it was a good week after they survived a white-knuckle emergency landing when their plane nearly ran out of fuel en route to California.

Milwaukee's 4-3 week included a pair of 1–0 triumphs, the first coming on Billy Champion's five-hit pitching against Oakland, the other when John Briggs tripled home a run in the 13th inning against Kansas City.

BOS 70-66 NY 64-61 BALT 63-62
CLEV 61-61 MIL 61-66 DET 58-66

From a case of bubbly to a six-pack

After years of developing a taste for champagne, racing will have to reacquire a thirst for beer as big-time sponsors continue to strip off the fancy decals, roll away the free tires and slow down on the subsidies

Motor racing seems to be energized by chaos. When it is not the source of public outrage after yet another spectacular accident it is roiling right along on internal dissent. The bickering between the alphabet-soup lineup of sanctioning bodies and promoters, a rabble rivaling those in tennis for infighting, has left racing weak and fragmented. And now this mystically beautiful sport—a wedding of steel and flesh that in its best moments creates a unique 20th-century technological ballet—is facing its gravest threat in years.

"Listen, we're going broke," moans one racer. "This is like a crash on Wall Street. I'm just real thankful that nobody can get hurt too bad by jumping off a pit wall."

Much of big-time automobile racing is on the rocks. Faced with zooming costs and a steady erosion of support from industrial sponsors who have traditionally paid the bills, the men who race cars at places like Indianapolis, Le Mans or Daytona are trying to figure out what to do with an inflation that looks like a rail dragster's acceleration graph. They are faced with the grim truth that it can cost $600,000 a season to campaign a single car capable of winning Indianapolis-type competition.

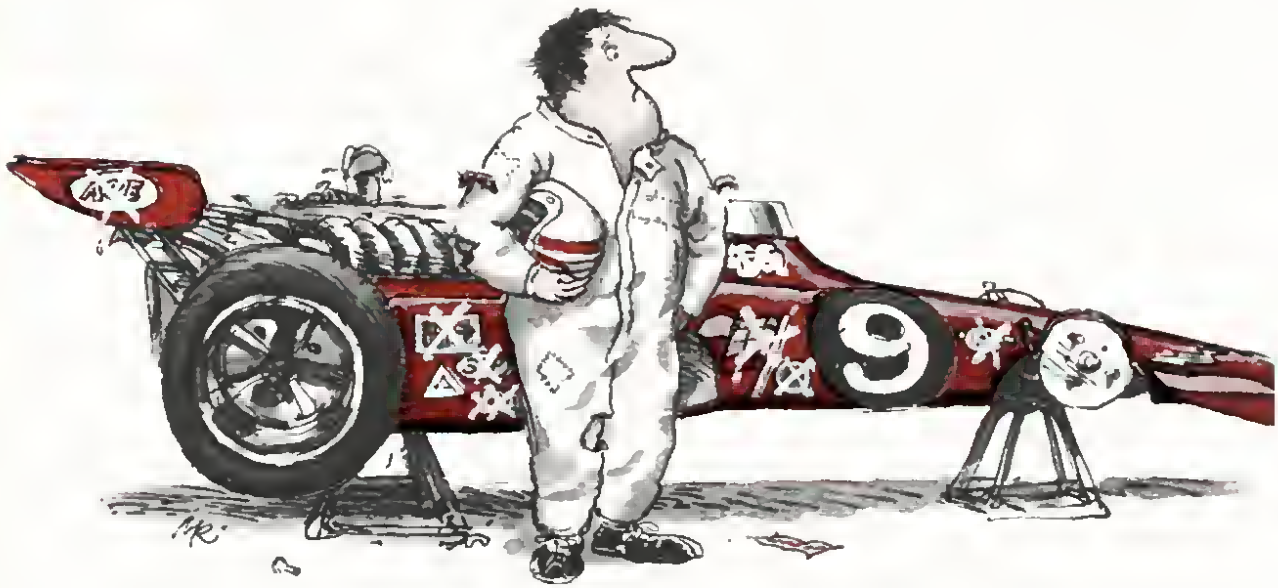
The turbocharged Drake-Offenhauser or the Ford-Foyt V-8 engines used at the Speedway retail at more than $30,000 each and can burn up as much as $12,000 for a major repair job. Not the kind of tune-up a guy can put on his Shell credit card. The standard power plant for Grand Prix cars is a compact three-liter Cosworth Ford V-8 nearly small enough to fit into a bushel basket. Its cost approaches $20,000. And things get *worse*: the Porsche 917-30 racing car that dominated last year's Can-Am series retailed for $220,000 with extra engines thrown in at $74,000 apiece.

A Porsche Carrera GT car—a stubby coupe that looks like a Vic Tanny version of a showroom 911—cannot be purchased and prepared for serious racing for much under $50,000. A first-class Grand National stock car—a machine that is supposed to be just like the Chevrolet Monte Carlo parked in your neighbor's driveway—will gobble up $200,000 during one season of racing. Couple these blockbuster price tags with reduced race schedules, declining purses, fleeing sponsors and limited television exposure, and you've got a bunch of sportsmen living on the Thursday before Black Friday.

Competition has already been affected. Entries at all USAC national championship races, including the hallowed Indy 500, have been down this year. At the California 500 in Ontario last March management was forced to resurrect a pair of cars that had failed to qualify in order to flesh out the field to the required 33 starters. Other races, among them a 200-miler in Trenton, N.J., were run without a full complement of cars.

The Canadian-American Challenge Cup once was the country's premier series for all-out sports car competition. During the late 1960s its 11-race format attracted tremendous competition, in-

DRAWING BY MICHAEL RAMUS



cluding the legendary McLarens and Chaparrals whose noisy confrontations were witnessed by immense crowds. This year the six-race cadaver of the Can-Am is being picked over by a meager collection of aged cars manned for the most part by unknown drivers. The Trans-American championship, a once-vital series for dandy Mustangs, Camaros, Javelins and such—with major factory participation and big-name drivers—has sagged from 11 races a season to three pinched, unsung contests in 1974.

Even the elite Grand Prix circuit is hurting. While its 15-race schedule is attracting large audiences, the builders of the great cars—good old Mercedes-Benz, Porsche, Maserati, Alfa Romeo—have long since left the field to small specialty manufacturers. Only Lotus and Ferrari remain from the days when Formula I was a glamorous battleground for builders whose automobiles were painted in the national colors of their homelands. Once the showplace for automotive innovation, Grand Prix racing has been forced to eschew such advanced devices as four-wheel drive, turbines, rotary engines and aerodynamic gadgets in favor of conservative, look-alike chassis powered in the main by the eight-year-old Cosworth engine.

Much of the crisis in racing can be traced to the decline and fall of sponsor support. The most recent departure, which hit the sport like a bomb, was made by Firestone Tire & Rubber Co., whose connection with racing can be traced back to 1911. The company points with pride that its tires have been on 48 winning cars at Indianapolis and, with the exception of Champion spark plugs, few other American firms have given the game such staunch support.

A.E. (Scotty) Brubaker, Firestone's vice-president of advertising and public relations, says the decision was based on dollars, pure and simple. "Costs have skyrocketed in the past few years, and there seems to be no end in sight," he says. He also notes that for many years racing technology was linked with tires used by the general public. But that old-time improve-the-breed rationale is diminishing. "With the trend first to bias-belt tires and then to radial tires, there is much less relationship and much less consumer benefit."

In order to keep the racers on their tires, both Goodyear and Firestone romanced them with everything from six-figure annual retainers for superstars like A. J. Foyt and Mario Andretti to hometown retail tire dealerships, tailored driving suits and free snow tires for their relatives. "During the late '60s even the slowest drivers at Indy, guys with barely a chance to qualify for the race, much less win it, could count on a retainer of at least $25,000 a year from one of the two tire companies," recalls one veteran of those campaigns.

Drivers and car owners leap-frogged back and forth between Firestone and Goodyear, depending on who bid the highest for their services. Even Foyt, the star of the Goodyear stable, found his loyalties stretched in 1964 when he made a last-minute switch to Firestones for the Indy 500. He won—but rode to victory wearing his Goodyear coveralls.

Not long after buyers began to veer away from the high-performance cars of the 1960s, both Ford and Chrysler pulled out of racing. Now Firestone's departure leaves only archrival Goodyear in the game to recall those lunatic days of the mid-'60s when those four giants—Ford, Firestone, Goodyear and Chrysler—battled for supremacy on the world's racetracks. Although nobody can ever compute exactly how much was spent during the peak of the struggle from 1964 to 1969, educated guesses center around $200 million. During the apex in 1967, when Ford was racing anything that had wheels, when Chrysler was racing stock and drag cars and Firestone and Goodyear were in mortal combat in all phases of the sport, experts guess that the big four unloaded between $59 and $67 million in driver and car-owner subsidies, car construction, promotion, research and development and advertising.

This sort of wild funding produced an artificial boom. Millions were dumped into the creation of new cars and engines. Team salaries and travel budgets mushroomed. Whole racing series of unproved public appeal were organized. "Suddenly everybody went from track to track in their own private planes," recalls a former company rep. "They drove big cars and wore tailored clothes. They just couldn't stand the prosperity."

Grant King, a tough-talking car builder and entrant in Indy-type racing, equates the infusions of money to drug addiction. "The racing body has been living on heroin injections for the past 10 years. We've been running on a fictitious high. Up until 1960, racing was self-supporting. Then the factories came along, and they didn't do us any favors. They used us, prostituted us, then suddenly pulled out. It ought to be an independent sport, competitive, private and individualistic."

Propelled by massive advertising and promotion campaigns and increased television exposure, motor racing rose in popularity to a point where its most euphoric supporters were trumpeting it as the "Sport of the '70s." Sadly, the constantly warring sanctioning bodies and track promoters deluded themselves that it was their own cleverness and not the power of big business that was responsible for the boom. They failed to consider the prospect that major sponsors might one day drop out, and made no provisions for operating without their help. "Motor racing is essentially a beer-budget sport," says one observer. "The guys who run it upgraded to champagne in the '60s—on somebody else's money, mind you—and now they don't know how to go back to the cheaper stuff."

While campaigners like Roger Penske, Dan Gurney and Parnelli Jones have long been shouting for a reduction in costs through cheaper engines, they have been ignored by those who figured the money tree was inexhaustible. Then came the news from Firestone—which meant the end of an estimated $8 million in annual subsidies. More important, it removes all serious competition for Goodyear and leaves the racers with the bleak prospect that the wonderful folks who bring you the Blimp also will cut back. "If you were on Goodyear's board of directors, and you were looking at today's uncertain economy, what would you do?" asks one observer. "You might continue to support racing, as the company has promised—but you sure as hell wouldn't do anything to take up the slack caused by Firestone's departure. Nobody needs to compete against himself."

Hardest hit by the Firestone decision is Parnelli Jones, who runs the so-called Super Team of Mario Andretti, Al Unser and Joe Leonard—all Firestone whizzes. Parnelli, a trenchant, quick-thinking former Indy winner, says, "We're really saddened by the fact that they're getting out; I wish they'd give us a chance to wind down rather than just cutting us off. But I'm going to race if I have to make my own tires—and that

continued

Iceberg 100's

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

9 mg "tar" 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method

isn't out of the question. We're going ahead with our plans to campaign in Formula I, Formula 5000 and also at Indy—provided they can get the costs down. We've got to get rid of the turbocharged Offy in championship racing. That engine is the cancer of our sport. You pay $30,000 apiece for them with no guarantee of reliability. It's like a hand grenade. You can't pump 750-800 hp out of an engine that small and expect it to stay together. Unless the guys who run Indy and USAC get their acts together, we'll be racing elsewhere. What we need is an engine formula built around American production blocks, a formula that can be used for all types of racing—stock cars, Indianapolis and road racing—in order to cut costs."

While some members of the Indy community contend that stock-block engines will not be as reliable as the old Offy and will therefore cost more, they seem to forget that Grand National cars regularly run 500 miles wide open on similar power plants without failure.

"I ran second at Indianapolis two years in a row with a stock-block Ford engine," says Gurney. "They can be made extremely reliable and will end up costing one-fifth as much as the Offy. We've got to have a common engine size, around 360 cu. in., that will run on gasoline and carburetors, not fuel injection. If the men who make the rules had to pay the bills they'd understand how badly we need these changes."

Some changes are afoot, but they seem to be coming with agonizing slowness. USAC and the Sports Car Club of America are cautiously sanctioning a joint series of road races for Formula 5000 cars—open-wheel machines similar to Indy cars but powered by production-based engines. Men like Gurney and Jones feel Formula 5000 is a prototype for future Indy racers, but they worry that the conservative hierarchy of the sport will not make the necessary adjustments quickly enough.

"They say we could have stock blocks by 1976, but that's too late," says Gurney. "We need them now. This is an ideal opportunity to make careful cuts in the cost of racing that will place it, economically, on its own four wheels again. But they've got to move fast or we'll all be out of business."

Hardly a bright prospect for the Sport of the '70s. Or was that the Sport of the '60s? **END**

This guy makes $20,000 a year, has money in the bank and a top credit rating. But he doesn't own the car he drives.

He leases it instead

Why does he lease? So he can put that down payment on his new sailboat rather than on his new car. So he can project his total car expenses for the next two years, and keep accurate tax records at the same time. And because leasing gives him all the advantages of ownership, without all the responsibilities.

Is this your year to lease? Why not? Leasing is neither difficult nor sophisticated. It is simply another way to get the car of your choice. For many people, it is the more convenient way.

Talk it over with a member of Chrysler Leasing System. You'll find him in the Yellow Pages under "Auto Renting and Leasing". Or see most any Chrysler-Plymouth or Dodge dealer.

No matter what make of car you want—Chrysler product or not—give him a call. He can help you decide if leasing is right for you. If it is, he'll develop a lease based on your kind of driving.

But if leasing is not for you he'll tell you that, too. Because he'll be just as happy to sell you a car.

One way or the other, he wants you for a customer.

CHRYSLER LEASING SYSTEM

CHRYSLER Plymouth | Dodge Dodge Trucks

White rum. for tonic that gin

It does something or vodka can't.

Make no mistake. This is not an attempt to disparage either gin and tonic or vodka and tonic. Both are classic summer drinks. This *is* an attempt to lure you into tasting a drink that, we feel, surpasses them both.

White rum and tonic. It's simple to mix. Lovely to drink. And absolute *hell* to describe.

The magic of white rum and tonic.

It's very easy to get all tangled up in words when you try to explain why white rum from Puerto Rico makes a better tonic drink than gin or vodka.

We find ourselves reaching for phrases like "gentle" and "refreshing." And, while they're true, they just don't convey the greatness of the drink. White rum and tonic appear to have been made for each other. When they get together, their separate tastes seem to fuse into a whole new kind of summer drink. Something indescribably *soft* and *clean-tasting*.

Taste test gives clue.

In an effort to determine what makes our white rum from Puerto Rico so unique, we authorized a recent taste test in 20 major cities. We tested white rum against gin and vodka among some 500 drinkers. And we tested it in its purest form—straight.

White rum was a clear winner. The reasons most often given? Taste—and smoothness.

Perhaps that extra smoothness explains white rum's ability to team up so uncannily with tonic.

Taste. Then, you tell us.

On the next hot summer evening, experience for yourself the magic that happens when white rum meets tonic. Then *you* try to explain it.

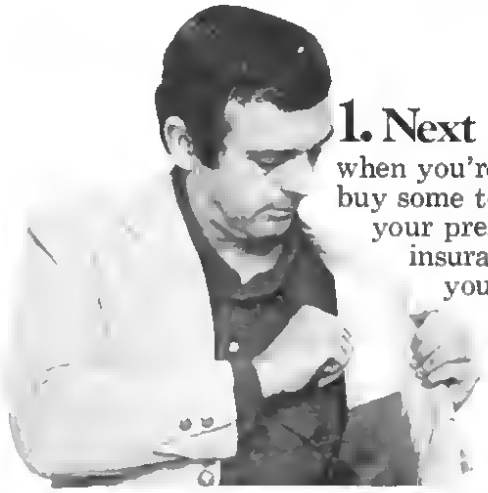
PUERTO RICAN RUMS

For taste-test results and free recipe book, write Puerto Rican Rums, Dept. 1-2, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N Y 10019.

©1974, Commonwealth of Puerto Rico

The Great Experiment!

Allstate invites you on a little excursion that could save you some money on your Homeowners Insurance.



1. Next Saturday, when you're going to Sears to buy some tools or something, slip your present homeowners insurance policy in your pocket.

2. Drop it off at the Allstate booth at Sears, and go on about your shopping. While you're gone, we'll compare *your* homeowners policy with Allstate's.

3. When you return, you may be pleasantly surprised! Maybe we can save you some money. That's one reason why half of the people who buy Allstate Homeowners Insurance have switched to us from other companies.

Allstate®
You're in good hands.

Available in most states. Standard rates in Texas.

Check us. Maybe we can save you some money.

An undefeated 2-year-old filly named Ruffian won the prestigious Spinaway Stakes at Saratoga so convincingly that excited racegoers are now comparing her to Secretariat

She's just like one of the boys

The traditional windup to the summer race meeting at Saratoga is a double-focus look at some of the country's finest 2-year-olds, male and female. The colts compete in the 6½-furlong Hopeful, an aptly named mini-classic whose winners are instant candidates for the following season's Triple Crown races for 3-year-olds. Although an occasional outsider sneaks onto the list of Hopeful winners (a year ago Gusty O'Shay was one of them), it is a contest of genuine class that more often than not is captured by a far-better-than-average colt.

The fillies get their chance the day before the Hopeful in the six-furlong Spinaway. To Saratoga traditionalists, many of them owner-breeders searching for the best broodmare prospects, the Spinaway is a very good place to look. Yet, despite its long roster of distinguished victors, the Spinaway seldom attracts as much public attention as the Hopeful. After marvelous Moccasin won it in 1965, the future mistress of Claiborne Buckpasser obscured her day in the sun with his triumph in the Hopeful. When La Prevoyante took the Spinaway in 1972, who should come along the next afternoon but Secretariat.

But last week, as Saratoga's meeting came to a close with alltime records for betting and attendance, things were different. There appeared to be no superstars among the colts, and for the first time in the Hopeful's 70 runnings, there were so many entries that the event had to be split. When The Bagel Prince and Foolish Pleasure—each, to be sure, an even-money favorite—won their respective divisions, the reaction among most of the 25,068 people on hand was a polite yawn, followed by, "Hey, what about that filly yesterday!"

And that filly yesterday was almost unbelievable. Whereas 17 colts were entered in the Hopeful (15 finally ran), Stuart Janney Jr.'s undefeated Ruffian scared off all but three opponents in the 83rd Spinaway, and except to pick up minor monetary awards for finishing second, third and fourth, those three might as well have stayed home. The best of them, a double stakes winner at Saratoga named Laughing Bridge, trailed Ruffian at the finish by nearly 13 lengths. Scottish Melody was another 1½ lengths back, and Some Swinger was last, 19 lengths behind the winner. Distance, however, is often relative in racing. What distinguished Ruffian was the astonishing facility and the effortless grace with which the perfectly dispositioned daughter of Reviewer (he's a son of Bold Ruler) and the Native Dancer mare Shenanigans demonstrated her superiority.

Taking the lead at the start under Jockey Vince Bracciale Jr., Ruffian loped along in beautiful reaching strides that gave no immediate impression of speed. The trio behind her hustled in vain to keep up, or even to maintain any sort of position from which to make a stretch challenge. Ruffian, seemingly coasting, raced through the first quarter in 22^{1}_{5}, and the half mile in 44^{2}_{5}, opening a seven-length lead. She kept striding gracefully away from her pursuers, increasing her lead with almost ridiculous ease. When she crossed the finish in $1:08^{3}_{5}$, she had

continued

not only shattered the stakes record for a Spinaway run at Saratoga (Numbered Account's old mark of 1:09⅘ would have left her six lengths behind Ruffian), but the 1:09⅕ clocking turned in by Sopranist in 1945 when the Spinaway was run on the old straightaway Widener Chute at Belmont Park. Ruffian's spectacular show was the fastest ever over six furlongs for *all* the great and near-great 2-year-olds who have run at Saratoga during its 111 years. And, despite the 120 pounds she was carrying, she came close to the track record of 1:08 flat set by the 3-year-old Spanish Riddle in 1972, when he carried only 111 pounds.

Ruffian's history-making run was one of those rare events that racegoers treasure forever, like the stirring 1962 Travers between Jaipur and Ridan and Secretariat's 31-length victory in the 1973 Belmont Stakes. Little wonder, then, that the next day's twin-barreled Hopeful (which is half a furlong longer than the Spinaway) was anticlimactic. In the first division The Bagel Prince took the lead from Knightly Sport midway down the stretch and drew away to win by three lengths in 1:16⅘. Half an hour later Foolish Pleasure did not catch the front-running long shot Greek Answer until the 16th pole, but then he too pulled away to win by just under four lengths. His time was a nifty 1:16, just two-fifths of a second off Bold Lad's stakes record.

Like Ruffian, Foolish Pleasure is undefeated in five races. He was acquired as a yearling at last year's Saratoga sales for $20,000 by the father-son trainer team of Moody and LeRoy Jolley for their close friend and client, John L. Greer. As Mrs. Greer happily points out, "Five starts, five tracks, five wins, how can you beat that!" Moody Jolley, who trained Ridan for a group of owners that included the Greers and who shared their disappointment when that favored colt ran third in the 1962 Kentucky Derby, says, "I always thought Ridan was a pretty terrific racehorse, but Foolish Pleasure may be just about as good." He won at Hialeah in April, at Delaware Park in May and at Aqueduct in July. Two weeks before the Hopeful the Jolleys had him at Monmouth Park where he captured the Sapling by just under two lengths. Second in that race was The Bagel Prince, who appears for the moment to belong to a not terribly exclusive fraternity of colts who take turns defeating one another. This friendly group includes Knightly Sport, High Steel, Greek Answer, Our Talisman, Big Decision and the California-based DiMaggio (by Bold Hitter, of course), who a month ago nosed out The Bagel Prince in the Hollywood Juvenile Championship.

Until his visits to Monmouth and Saratoga, The Bagel Prince had raced exclusively in California, where he won three of six starts. On July 1 his owner, Sam Billouris, a Sherman Oaks, Calif. record distributor, sold a half interest in him for $100,000 to Edward Shamie, who is in the perfume business in Beverly Hills, and Shamie's nephew, Joe Cayre, a New York record distributor. Shamie says, "This is the first horse I've ever owned any part of. We've had two seconds and this Hopeful win, and we've already got back half of $94,994. I don't think we've done badly." Not badly at all, especially since The Bagel Prince is the first California-bred to win a Hopeful. "We're going to Arlington Park for the Futurity on Labor Day," says Trainer John Pappalardo, "but we may be back in New York to meet up with these colts again in the fall."

There is little likelihood of Ruffian meeting up with the colts this fall, or ever, despite the temptation to challenge the males. Maybe the best thing that has happened to Ruffian in her brief career is that she is in the hands of such complete and patient horsemen as Owner Janney and Trainer Frank Whiteley. The latter's work with such horses as Chieftain, Tom Rolfe and Damascus has stamped him as one of the very best in the business. And Janney, a retired Baltimore attorney whose Locust Hill Farm is situated near the horse-conscious community of Glyndon, Md., understands horses and what to do with them. He has long been a Master of Fox Hounds in Maryland, and his exploits in timber racing are legend. Despite what the English, Irish and French say, many Americans and all Marylanders consider the Maryland Hunt Cup the most rugged race in the world. In 1942 Janney took his own jumper, Winton, and rode him to victory in this demanding race. Then, after four years in service, he returned from World War II to ride him to victories again in 1946 and 1947. Janney gives credit to the horse. "Think of what Winton might have done if there had been no war," he marvels.

Before the Spinaway, Janney was more apprehensive than Whiteley. "I'm a little frightened of Laughing Bridge," he said. "She must have improved since Ruffian beat her nine lengths in the Astoria at Aqueduct. And she's had not one but two winning races over this track. I looked at the rerun of her easy win in the Adirondack and it makes me nervous."

No nervousness showed on Whiteley as he hosed Ruffian's legs early one morning last week. "Everyone says she's so terrific and that she's the best horse I've ever been around," he noted, "but I haven't said it yet, have I? This filly has never raced, or even worked, on an off track. But she is big, 16 hands one inch, a little over 1,000 pounds, and she's as strong as a 3-year-old colt. After she won her first start I kidded some of the boys by telling them, 'She's really a 3-year-old.' Then she kept on winning, and I don't kid them anymore, because somebody's liable to believe it."

Janney and Whiteley will probably run Ruffian in only two more races this season, the Frizette and the Selima, before returning her to Camden, S.C. to freshen up for the 1975 campaign. Her few detractors say that her astonishing speed may make her more vulnerable to injury, the theory being that the greater the speed the harder a horse's feet hit the ground. This could be true to an extent, especially with horses who have to exert themselves to reach and maintain top speed, but in Ruffian's case, as track veterinarian Manuel Gilman points out, "Her gait is so effortless and graceful that it is not overexertion. This filly has fine legs. I think she'll be able to do anything, run on any kind of track and run any distance, too."

"If Ruffian had run in the Hopeful," said a trainer, "she could have won either division by 20 lengths. And if they had made the two divisions the first and last races on the card, she probably could have won both ends."

The highest accolade for this dark filly, who has the grace and sheer power of a superhorse, came from someone who should know. As he polished off a nightcap many hours after the Spinaway had been run, Trainer Lucien Laurin, with the forthrightness for which he has always been known, suddenly exclaimed, "As God is my judgment, this filly may be better than Secretariat!" **END**

Spend a milder moment with Raleigh.

And discover really satisfying tobacco taste.

Here's a great gadget for gold panning and other outdoor activities! This 6-in-1 Tool is hatchet, hammer, saw (inside handle), nail puller, bottle opener and shovel, all in one. Yours for free B&W coupons, the valuable extra on every pack of Raleigh.

To see over 1000 gifts, write for your free Gift Catalog: Box 12, Louisville, Ky. 40201.

Introducing Raleigh Extra Milds

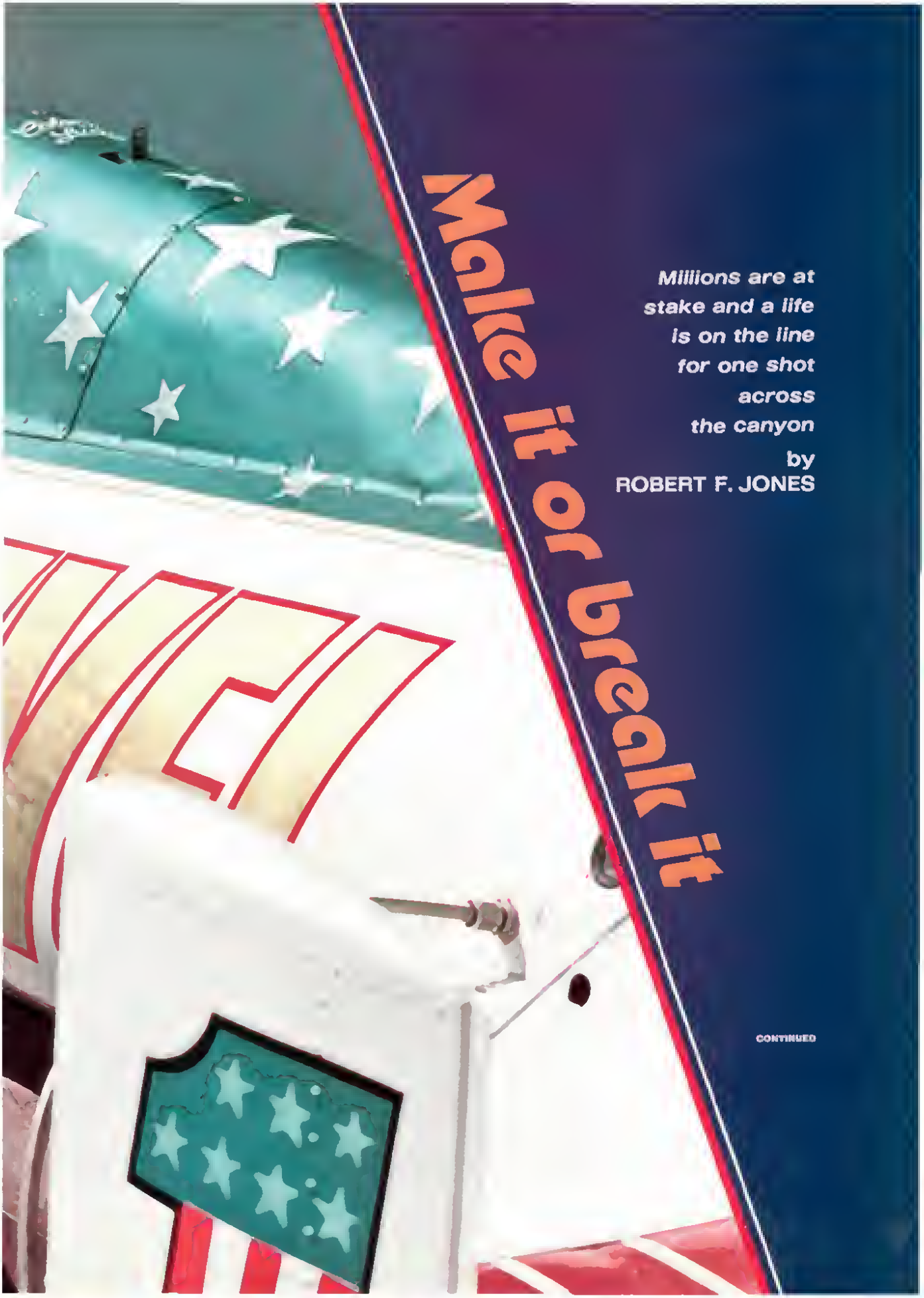
Mild natural flavor
Lowered tar

© BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORP.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Extra Milds, 13 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine, Filter Kings, 16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine, Longs, 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '74

EVEL KNIE



Make it or break it

Millions are at stake and a life is on the line for one shot across the canyon

by
ROBERT F. JONES

CONTINUED

Right now it is difficult to gain a perspective. Horses and beef cattle graze vacantly among the thistles, looking up occasionally with that innocent hauteur of the ungulate to stare at the heavy trucks rumbling back and forth from the jump site. A red-tailed hawk turns lazily over the potato fields in the middle distance. Butterflies bounce on the hot, dry breeze—swallowtails and sulphurs and big bright monarchs. A mounted cowboy trots past, fat and bespectacled under his Stetson, with a shovel lashed to his saddle instead of the traditional rifle. The workmen on the ramp sweat and curse with the easy fluency of carnival roustabouts, and indeed there is a carny air to the whole proceeding. Even the rocket—the Sky-Cycle X-2, as it is styled in the promotional literature—looks like a kiddy ride at an amusement park. It seems tinny and tiny, but perhaps we have been conditioned to gigantism by too many moonshots. After all, this is only a canyonshot.

Staring down from the lip of the Snake River Canyon into the boiling green water below, one suddenly grasps the enormity of the whole operation—the absurdity, the arrogance, the awful, febrile, frightening, heroic lunacy of it. Very soon now he is actually going to climb into that thing and they are going to shoot him out over this great gash in the earth, and he is either going to live or he is going to die.

There will be some 50,000 people right here watching him do it, and millions more watching on hundreds of closed-circuit television screens. They will stare with about the same comprehension as those cows and horses watching the trucks go by. The hoopla artists from teevee will be babbling throatily about valor and danger and the six million bucks he has already pocketed—the usual dry-cleaned obscenities of this age of excess—and for a long, loud moment our hearts will seize up and we will watch the high, arching trajectory, the trail of steam and chutzpah, and wish that we could close our eyes.

"I've created a monster," says Evel Knievel, "and I don't know how to control it."

Well, if he doesn't, there are plenty of smart-money guys who do.

The whole notion of a canyon jump came to Robert Craig Knievel more than eight years ago. He had already invented the unlikely art of motorcycle jumping, leaping a bike across ever-widening rows of cars and trucks parked side by side between two ramps, an act accompanied by an ever-growing cacophony of applause and snapping bones. (Today, with more than 300 jumps under his pegs, he has crashed 11 times to the tune of 50 separate fractures, by his count—statistics that become more painfully credible when you watch his walk: the crabbed, hip-stiff hobble of a land-mine victim.) Along the way, nurturing a talent for showmanship unequaled in the realm of American folk art since the days of Barnum and Buffalo Bill, he wrapped himself, as they say, in legend. Here he comes—onetime hubcap thief and bank robber, a hard-drinking, heartbreaking bar fighter, Montana mountain man, big spender, friend to the poor and downtrodden. Jesse James on two wheels; says the first thing that comes to his head and it's always right, takes no guff off no one; star-spangled leathers, kidnapped his wife in order to marry her, to hell with the fat cats, $1,000-a-hole golf bets, blows $5,000 on free drinks for everyone in New

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ KLUETMEIER

Orleens, don't give a dang what you say so long as you spell my name right—that's Evel, with two e's.

In 20 minutes, it is said, Evel Knievel can tell enough anecdotes about his early life to keep a reporter busy for 20 years just checking them out.

But fame, the real fame that transcends fact and generates fantasy in entire populations, does not accrue merely by means of broken bones and baloney. Real fame, which includes real wealth but eventually leaps beyond it, requires a darker component. It requires blood. It requires death. Suicide or murder. A bullet in the back fixed Jesse James forever in our consciousness; Frank James died old and remains a footnote. General George Armstrong Custer with his boots on, John Dillinger with his Lady in Red, Hemingway with his shotgun, Mama Cass with her ham sandwich—like that.

And Evel with his canyon.

The trick is to combine the awesome grotesquerie of death with the attention of millions, and if possible to tuck in a little grace along the way. Thoughts of that sort must have lain latent in the alcohol-clouded brain of Evel Knievel as he sat drinking one evening in 1966 at Moose's Place, a saloon in Kalispell, Mont. Evel was drinking the notorious Montana Mary, a sneaky concoction of beer and tomato juice favored by the vitamin-conscious miners, cowpokes and sod-busters of those climes. Unlike its vodka-based cousin, the Bloody Mary, the Montana variant works slowly but insidiously on the imagination of the imbiber, aided in its devilish work by the high altitude that normally accompanies its consumption. Some time that evening between boasts and belches, Evel's attention was caught by a calendar on the wall. It depicted the Grand Canyon.

"The more I studied on it, and the more Montana Marys I put back, the narrower that durned hole in the ground seemed to get," Evel recalls. "People talk about the Generation Gap and the Missile Gap and the Education Gap, but I suddenly saw that the real gap was right out there in the heart of the Golden West. And I knew I could bridge the bastard."

It was then and there that the monster was born.

Later, when the U.S. Department of Interior denied him airspace over the Grand Canyon—on the grounds, apparently, that national parks are not meant for the suicidal self-aggrandizement of the citizenry—Evel shifted his sights to Idaho's Snake River Canyon. It is not the same thing, of course, either symbolically or in terms of size. Where the Grand Canyon measures from four to 18 miles from rim to rim, and up to 5,700 feet in depth, the Snake River Canyon, at the point where Evel will jump, is less than a mile wide and 600 feet from the crumbling lava of its lip to the turbulent water be-

continued

The Snake River is at the bottom of the canyon and the launching ramp is on top. They'll aim—and fire him

low. Nonetheless, it's a long way over and a long way down—potentially fatal distances any way you look at them.

The plan, as it first exploded in Evel's fecund imagination, was to jump with a real motorcycle to which some form of additional propulsion would be attached, maybe JATO bottles, maybe a steam-powered booster rocket. Evel imagined himself roaring up a long approach road toward a ramp much like the ones he uses in his automobile and truck leaps. Millions would line the road, their cheers drowned out by the bellow of the big hawg. At the last moment the booster would ignite, kicking Evel and bike into a long, high trajectory. On the far side, if he could hold it, he would touch down on a landing ramp.

It didn't take long to realize the impossibility of that dream. It would have to be a modified rocket shot if it was to work at all. "I started hunting for a rocket guy," Evel says, "the best one that money could buy. Finally Jim Lovell, the astronaut, told me about a fellow named Robert C. Truax who was one of the founders of Nassau"—that's NASA to non-Montanans—"and who'd worked on the big space stuff right from the start. He was so excited by the idea that he dropped everything and came to work for me."

Truax had worked on a lot of the big space stuff, all right, but not for NASA as Knievel says; the engineer was once president of the American Rocket Society and conducted studies that led to the Polaris missile. In any event, Truax proved to be invaluable to the scheme: his down-to-earth aerospace sense perfectly counterpoints Evel's soaring imagination. A short, taciturn man of 56 with a salt-and-pepper crew cut, he has done his best to ensure that the safest possible vehicle would be built for the price Evel was willing to pay. Still, it might not be enough. Evel claims to have spent $1 million on the Sky-Cycle and the launch site, including $37,500 to lease the land surrounding the takeoff ramp and thus preclude any further governmental interference. For all that, one wonders if enough has been spent to ensure a successful jump.

If it has, then Bob Truax is in for a nice bonus. Evel carries a check for $100,000 made out in Truax' name. Significantly, it is dated Sept. 9—the day after the jump. "That way if I don't make it," Evel says, "Bob doesn't either. Heh, heh."

The way it now looks, Evel will take off from a standing start at the bottom of a 108-foot-long steel ramp angled at 56 degrees above the horizontal. The Sky-Cycle's steam jet, which should be "safer" because it uses nonvolatile fuel, will generate 5,000 pounds of thrust, enough to fling Evel at the speed of 400 mph to an apogee 2,000 feet above the takeoff point. During the liftoff he will pull in excess of five Gs—not enough to cause a blackout but maybe enough to give him a bloody nose and render him *non compos* for four seconds, according to Truax. He will not wear a G suit, not even one of the sort worn by test pilots as long ago as World War II. Instead he will don a special star-spangled red, white and blue knit jump suit complete with crash helmet. The cockpit itself is open and makes the Sky-Cycle seem more like a motorcycle, which it is not by any stretch of the imagination. It doesn't even have a steering system, for that matter, though there is a sort of fixed handlebar for Knievel to cling to. This will be, plain and simple, a ballistic trip, with Evel along as the passenger.

To ensure that involuntary movements of the rider do not throw the vehicle out of whack and send it tumbling during its trajectory, and to keep him from being thrown forward, Evel will be strapped in with lap and shoulder harnesses. There is no ejection system in the craft; if Evel has to hit the silk, he will have to scramble out and over the side and unleash his parachute. "If he gets warning soon enough that the vehicle chute isn't working—and if he works fast enough—he can get out with the reserve chute," says Truax. At the low altitudes involved in the shot, such action calls for a lot of luck.

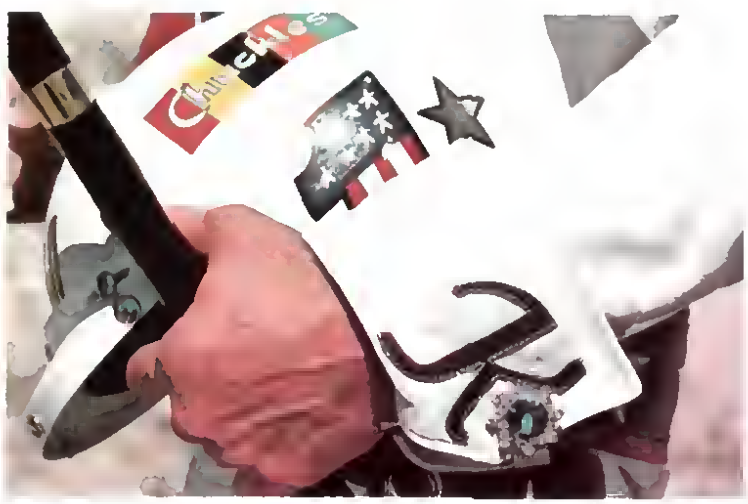
Toward the end of the trajectory, which is computed to cover 4,781 feet horizontally, Evel will pull a lever at the right front of the cockpit that will deploy a drag chute from the rear of the Sky-Cycle. That will drop the vehicle nose first into the sagebrush where shock absorbers will dampen the impact. (One envisions the Sky-Cycle bouncing across the desert at the end of the ride like some fat, finned and star-spangled pogo stick.)

On the face of it Evel is blasé about the dangers. "If the heater doesn't blow up and scald me to death on the launch ramp," he says, "if the countdown goes right, if the Sky-Cycle goes straight up and not backward, if it actually reaches 2,000 feet, if the chute works, if I don't hit the wall at 400 mph and if I can get out of it when it lands—I win. If it doesn't work, I'll spit the canyon wall in the eye just before I hit. Then again, I've got five backup systems. The fifth one is called the *Lord's Prayer*."

But that is the public Evel talking. In private he is less cocksure.

"Right now I don't think I've got better than a 50-50 chance of making it," he says. "It's an

continued



Diamonds, not to mention sponsor's decals, are a boy's best friend

"Your car isn't anything like we expected.

Even with averaging 32 miles per gallon, we just don't think about our Civic that way anymore.

The way it handles and the pick-up make it a lot of fun to drive. It kind of grows on you.

A lot of people are probably interested in your car to save money. They're in for a lot of nice surprises."

Kathie and Larry Owen,
Hermosa Beach, California.

Of all 1974 cars tested for gas mileage by the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency, a 4-speed Honda Civic CVCC got the best all 29 1 mpg. American Honda Motor Company.
For a free mileage calculator write to American Honda Motor Co., Inc., Dept. 9-S, Box N, Gardena, California 90247.

Honda Civic.
More miles per gallon than anybody. And more.

Rocket expert and designer Truax calls it a cycle, but it is more missile

awful feeling. I can't sleep nights. I toss and turn, and all I can see is that big ugly hole in the ground grinning up at me like a death's head. You know, I've always been concerned about kids—not just my own three but all kids—what kind of an image I'm providing for them, what kind of inspiration. I don't know now. Maybe I'm leading them down the path to self-destruction. Our house in Butte is surrounded day and night by people wanting to look at me, to take something as a souvenir. And that damn little Robbie of mine, the 11-year-old, you know what he has gone and done? He has got a big old sign out in front that says SEE EVEL JR. JUMP—25¢. It's not a good thing."

Imitation may be the greatest of compliments, but in Evel's case imitation can indeed lead to death or a wheelchair, as nearly a dozen would-be Knievels have already discovered over the past two or three years. One of the best imitators was formerly on Evel's staff. Robert (Wicked) Ward, age 26, of Buffalo and Atlanta, is a slim, grinning, long-haired daredevil who claims he recently cleared 19 cars in a bike jump at Palmetto, Ga., just two cars fewer than Evel's "world record." One of Wicked's wrists is still wrapped in an Ace bandage, and he speaks in a hoarse whisper, the result of a karate chop courtesy of his handlebars during a bad spill. Wicked nods sagely as Evel rambles on about the dangers, both social and personal, of the canyon jump, but the avidity in Wicked's eyes, the sparkling joy at the prospect of death, cannot be disguised. Not that Wicked would like to see his guru gone; it's just that the act itself—the great hubristic leap, the slap in the face of gravity—is too much.

Evel is sitting in the lounge of the Blue Lakes Inn on the outskirts of Twin Falls, Idaho, not three miles from the jump site. Well-wishers and autograph hounds surround him in an ever-changing ebb and flow. Twin Falls (pop. 22,700) is a smiling, open-faced town set in the midst of southern Idaho's temperate, potato-rich "Magic Valley." Its citizens don't quite know what to make of Evel. The boosters among them realize that the jump will not only "put us on the map" but generate an unprecedented one-shot windfall of tourist bucks when the teevee crews and other gawkers arrive. The loners among them resent the show-biz aura of the event, the impending, lemminglike descent of meat-faced strangers determined to be in on the kill.

"Fifty thousand people?" says a cocktail waitress, bringing Evel a fresh gin and tonic. "Heck, I ain't never seen more than a thousand in one place. It's scary."

"Fifty thousand, hell," snorts Evel, recovering from a mood of introspection. "That's just tickets at $25 a throw. They'll be a hunnerd thousand more just trickling around the edges. You'll need a helicopter or a quarter horse to get in and out of that jump site."

The size of the crowd suddenly raises the prospect of an added danger: Can the eroded lava of the canyon's rim stand the weight of such a vast, milling mass? What if the ledge just flakes off, precipitating Evel, Sky-Cycle, launch ramp and fans onto the boats and rocks and raging currents below? It would be a cataclysm worthy of Nathanael West, particularly since there will be a small circus, replete with daredevil acts, performing on the ledge below the jump site. The Crumbling of the Canyon. . . .

"Not very likely," Evel sniffs. But then again, what has ever been very likely about anything Evel does?

A woman reporter takes advantage of a pause in the spiel to request an "in-depth interview." Evel stares at her as if a giant Idaho spud had suddenly started to talk.

"No in-depth interviews!" he roars, slamming the floor for emphasis with his $22,000, gold-and-diamond-headed walking stick full of vodka, gin, bourbon and Scotch. "And no tape recorders, neither! I know what you got in that big purse of yours, lady. You got a tape recorder in there! I don't want no one writing up these stories I tell about bank robberies and sexual conquests. No tape recorders!" Slam, bam, bam!

The reporter shrinks back, blanching. She had waited five days to put in her request. She had never met Evel before. She did not recognize the web work of laugh wrinkles at the corners of his eyes—dead giveaways of a classic Knievelian put-on—nor the fact that, where Evel is concerned, there is no such thing as an in-depth interview. Ask him a straight question and one will get 50 crooked answers. The man is a monument to logorrhea, a master of instant self-history; in the phrase of one of his partners in the

continued

"Get Chicago Long Distance—this needs personal attention."

SOMETIMES LETTERS JUST DON'T DO IT.

venture, "the white Muhammad Ali."

"Come on," says Evel to a companion. "We're going to shoot us some golf."

The Blue Lakes Country Club, a few miles downstream from the jump site, is a verdant oasis tucked away under the rotten lava walls of the Snake River. Limpid streams black-bottomed with big trout wind through the golf course. Evel's adversary in the match is Chuck Cosgriff, a bearded, barrel-bellied Idahoan of 30, who owns the biggest billboard company in Twin Falls and is generally conceded to be the town's best golfer. He and Evel have teamed up in many a celebrity tournament. Today Cosgriff is competing in a Byzantine labyrinth of hole-by-hole and shot-by-shot bets against not only Evel, but the Knievel fils: Kelly, 13, and Robbie. Evel's pretty wife Linda, 31, and his nine-year-old daughter Tracy are along to run messages, fetch lost balls and clubs and zoom back to the clubhouse at the master's whim for more gin and tonics.

"We've been married 15 years," Evel confides as Linda trots off on one of a few hundred harshly ordered errands, "and you know something? Her face is always the same: a smile. Oh, I yell at her and boss her around, but she says she has only one job in life. To serve me. I made a deal with my kids, though. I promised them that if I ever yell at Linda or at them unnecessarily or too harshly, they can punch me in the nose. If they can hit me, they get $100. If they can knock me down, they get $200."

The golf game is no great shakes. Evel demonstrates a larruping long drive, but his short game and putting are inconsistent if not downright lousy. Cosgriff, by contrast, is steady and smooth, and his constant consumption of double Gibsons during the course of the match seems neither to aid nor to erode his game. The boys show flashes of brilliance and Evel watches them with pride and worry: the burden of fathers everywhere.

"That damn little booger Robbie," he says when the younger boy flubs an iron shot. "Come on over here, Robbie, and give your dad a kiss!" The kid blushes and turns away. "Come on, honey," says Evel with a wicked grin, adding *sotto voce:* "He thinks he's gotten too old to kiss his daddy good night. So I told him, 'O.K., now, you're going to have to go to work.' The next morning I got him up at seven o'clock and set him to a bunch of chores. That night he come to me and said, 'If I kiss you good night, can I sleep late tomorrow?' The little booger."

"He's a good little golfer, though," says Cosgriff. "They both have the makins. And that's more'n I can say about their daddy."

Evel is up and down, on and off. Between holes he drives his golf cart as if it

were a motocross bike. On one late hole he blows both his drive and his second shot, then slams the iron against the golf bag. His rage is open, unfaked. But on the 18th green he sinks an 80-foot putt to retrieve all his losses and win $5 from Cosgriff on the afternoon, an afternoon in which the betting ran to hundreds of dollars in total but finally canceled out nearly even. So much for those $1,000-a-hole golf matches that have entered the legend.

During dinner that night he yells at Tracy. She throws a halfhearted punch that barely grazes her father's nose. He laughs, and peels off a $100 bill.

Later he moseys into the Blue Lakes Inn cocktail lounge for a nightcap or three. In attendance are Bob Arum, president of Top Rank, Inc., which is orchestrating the whole show and claims to have paid Evel $6 million up front for a share of the action, and a few of Arum's aides. Evel is in a combative mood. He chides Arum for wearing a red and white seersucker suit—"Who do you think you are, the Great Gatsby?"—and wonders aloud why he ever signed on anyone to help in promotion of the jump.

"Hell," he says, "I'm better than P. T. Barnum and Colonel Parker put together." Nobody denies it.

A couple of his Butte buddies join the party. These are the men who built Evel's launch ramp and he welcomes them heartily—Coors all around.

"Hell, I don't need nobody," he continues. "Certainly don't need no smart Harvard lawyers. Hey, Ralph, remember that big old Euclid I used to drive up at the Anaconda mine? One day they dropped about a six-ton rock in the back of that Yuke, and when I took off I popped a wheelie. The front of the Yuke hit a 4,800-volt power line overhead and blacked out all of Butte. Hell, it blacked out the whole county. The foreman tells me I'm fired, so what'd I do? I went and picked up my pay and then I drove the Yuke on down to the foreman's little hut and I dumped 17 cubic yards of dirt on it. Got on my motorsickle and roared on out of there. I don't need nobody. Hell, maybe what I'll do now, I'll buy Anaconda and fire that foreman. Like they always said: God made man, and the Winchester made 'em equal!"

Arum leaps to his feet, resplendent in his Gatsby suit, and begins singing a Harvard fight song.

By midafternoon of the following day Evel is ready for the first public unveiling of the Sky-Cycle X-2 at the jump site. The vehicle is already mounted at the base of the ramp, dwarfed by the big sky overhead and the deep canyon below. Evel roars up in his station wagon and dismounts. He is dressed all in black and he starts to run up the 40-degree earthen

continued

ramp toward the Sky-Cycle. About halfway up he starts to puff and wisely walks the rest of the way.

"Get that crane away from here," he yells to a workman. "Get them photographers away till I call for them." He spies Wicked Ward standing guard at the bottom of the ramp. "Wicked, you keep them civilians the hell away from here. Chase 'em off if they try to get up."

Incipient paranoia? Evel has gotten extremely wary of late—"There are hundreds of guys who want to know how this Sky-Cycle works, and if they find out, everyone will be into the canyon-jumping game." So cautious has he become that he registers at motels under aliases (Mr. Forbes and Mr. Rosenstein are two recent *noms d'espionnage*); only the mention of a given code word, which is changed week by week, will get a caller through to him by telephone. The press, which once scorned Evel as a blowhard, is now getting scorned in return as *jump day nears and the market for Evel* stories rises.

The crane trundles off and Evel retires to his van, emerging a few minutes later in his red, white and blue leathers. He stalks up the ramp slowly this time, cane in hand, cape flapping in the hot breeze, posturing for the cameras. Suddenly a car roars onto the site and brakes to a halt in a cloud of dust. Out jumps Jim Welch, president of Nabisco Confections, Inc. Welch, 43, a prematurely gray but boyish-looking Bostonian, has paid Evel $100,000 for the right to put a decal advertising Chuckles candy on the tail fin of the Sky-Cycle X-2 and a label on Evel's helmet. He has been up all night and most of the day supervising the proper preparation of the decals. Now he runs up the ramp, labels aflap, to get them pasted on before the monumental picture-taking session begins.

Evel stares down at the panting figure laboring up the slope toward him. "Hey," he yells. "We're going to forget this label for now. It's too big."

Welch slumps in dismay. "But I made it smaller than we'd planned, for God's sake!" he yells piteously.

"Wicked!" yells Evel. "If one more civilian comes up this ramp, I'm going to kick *your* butt!"

Jim Welch trudges back down the hill, his shoulders slumped, as Evel climbs the 13 iron steps leading to the cockpit. He has never attempted to enter the Sky-Cycle X-2 in this position before. The cockpit is no roomier than that of a Grand Prix race car, and set at such a steep angle it is 10 times more difficult to squeeze into. Since all of this will be carefully scrutinized by the electronic eyes of the world on jump day and since the buildup for the jump itself can brook no gracelessness, the mere act of climbing into this fancy flying machine is fraught with high drama. And the danger of a cataclysmic pratfall.

It takes three burly workmen to help Evel up and in. One places his hand squarely on the pristine white leather of Evel's rump and pushes manfully. Upsy-daisy! Camera shutters chitter like a locust invasion.

"What if he slips on jump day?" says one of Arum's lieutenants. "What if he slid right down the rocket and landed on the tail fin? His legs would be two feet *longer.*"

But for now, at least, he has made it. As the photographers scramble madly uphill at Evel's order, he half rises to lean out of the toylike machine and look around for Arum.

"Hey, Bob!" he yells, his voice muffled by helmet and cockpit. "I don't wanna do it! Haw, haw!"

Finally Jim Welch is permitted to affix his Chuckles decals, and once they are in place he asks Evel to smile for the corporate camera.

"Can you think of anything funny enough for me to smile about being up here?" Evel snarls.

A few minutes later Evel climbs out, much faster and more gracefully than he climbed into the cockpit, and disappears for another fast change of costume. The rest of the afternoon is to be taken up with a static firing of the Sky-Cycle's engine, an exercise that proves as tentative as Evel's climb into the cockpit. On the third try the engine fires. A great gusher of steam, loud as a dragon's roar belches from the tail pipe. Dust, rocks the size of a man's head, machine-gun bursts of pea gravel fill the air. Evel himself, standing a good distance from the rocket, dives for cover behind a cottonwood tree. When the engine shuts down, he emerges, pale under his tan.

"Did you hear that?" he asks no one in particular. "And I'm going to ride that thing? Over there?" And he points across the gaping black canyon into the sagebrush distance where dust devils spin. "You damn right I'm going to ride it. I'm going to go over that canyon like a frozen rope."

And so the stage is set, for what it's worth. (About $32 million, gross, Bob Arum reckons.) The monster is alive and growing, nearly mature now, ravenous and snapping, waiting to be turned loose. Whether Robert Craig Knievel can control it remains to be seen. But even if he cannot, even if the monster of his own device turns finally and destroys him, he will have achieved his aim: true fame through excess. As he likes to say, paraphrasing Teddy Roosevelt, "I think it's better to risk my life and to be a has-been than to never have been at all. Even though crippled and busted in half, it's better to have taken a chance to win a victory or suffer a defeat than to live like *others do who will never know victory* or defeat because they haven't had the guts to try either."

The night after the static test of the Sky-Cycle X-2, Evel sat with his wife and friends in the lounge of the Blue Lakes Inn, sipping a beer and telling a few hundred more tall tales. The lapels of his blood-red jacket spread like the wings of a giant bat, gold and diamonds winked on his broken hands; the trusty, $22,000 walking stick stood at his side. Then the cocktail guitarist introduced a song he had written just that day.

Evel is his name,
Danger is his game,
The canyon is his aim.
I never knew a man
So determined to take a stand
Jumping from land to land,
On a motorcycle.
Evel Knievel is the man of the day.
He stands courageous in his suave but robust way.
He knows where he's goin', you can bet on that.
You never know, he might outlive us all at last. . . .

Evel shook his head and took a final swallow of beer. "No way," he said. Linda just smiled and smiled. **END**

Inexpensive calculators don't have to come from cheap companies.

Today a lot of companies that sell calculators spend more money on advertising than they spend on service.

And you pay the price.

Not so with The Calculator Company. We not only sell our products in 365 Monroe owned offices, we also guarantee to fix anything we sell or replace it with a loaner in one business day.

That's this year, and next year. And every year for as long as you own a Monroe calculator.

To this we add the secret that has made us number one.

Choice.

Starting as low as $79.95 for our Model 30 or for pennies a day our Model 410 budget display or our Model 1305 budget printer. But your choice doesn't end there. It goes on. To the largest line of electronic calculators in the world.

Because the closer we can fit your needs, the less you end up spending in the long run. And that's the real difference between inexpensive and cheap.

Complete details are as close as your phone. Just call your local man from Monroe, or return the coupon. Then sit back and leave the rest to us.

Litton MONROE

Monroe,
The Calculator Company
550 Central Avenue
Orange, New Jersey 07051

☐ Yes, I'd like to see the New Monroes.
☐ Yes, I'm interested, please send complete information.

Name

Title

Company

Address

Phone

City

State Zip

s

MONROE
The Calculator Company.

One thing you can say about the seasons of sport...

...they never run out.

To make sure you don't miss a single punt, pass, pitch, putt, save, sprint or schuss—sign on with SPORTS ILLUSTRATED every week. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED offers you a reserved seat for the best of baseball, football, hockey, basket ball .. the whole exciting world of sport. Whatever the game, whatever the season, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED helps you enjoy and appreciate it more. So use the attached card—and enter your subscription today. If someone's beaten you to the card, write to

Sports Illustrated

Time-Life Building, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Or, call our toll-free number: 800-621-8200 (in Illinois, call 800 972 8302).

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Aug. 19-25

BASEBALL—TAIWAN, the Far East representative, won its fourth consecutive Little League World Championship, defeating Red Bluff, Calif. 12–1 in the final game, at Williamsport, Pa. (*page 40*).

BICYCLING—Belgium's EDDY MERCKX won the *164-mile individual professional road race* at the world championships in Montreal (*page 20*).

BOATING—*Courageous* took a 4-1 lead over *Intrepid* after sweeping three races last week in the America's Cup defender trials off Newport. In the Challenge Trials, Australia's *Southern Cross* leads *France* 2-0 in their best-of-seven series.

BILLY MARTIN of Clark, N.J. set a course record of 78.5 mph in his 40-foot Cigarette *Bounty Hunter* to win the Hennessy California Cup offshore powerboat race at Marina Del Rey. With only one race remaining, Art Norris clinched this year's U.S. inboard offshore title with a third-place finish in *Slapshot*, a 36-foot Cigarette.

VANN WILSON of San Anselmo, Calif. became the North American men's sailing champion by winning the eight-race Mallory Cup series in Seattle.

PRO FOOTBALL—NFL: Exhibition season attendance was up in the stadiums because attendance was nearly perfect at camp. A capacity crowd of 54,077 was on hand in Oakland as Philadelphia topped the Raiders 25–14, and 71,824 fans cheered the Rams as they dumped Miami 31–13. Apparently *the Dolphins were still tired from their 21–9 romp* over Minnesota earlier in the week. A healthy Joe Namath passed for 122 yards and a touchdown as the Jets defeated St. Louis 20–7. Kansas City beat San Francisco 26–7, with Len Dawson completing 10 of 15 for 185 yards, and Washington nipped Cleveland 20–17 for its first preseason win (*page 18*). Elsewhere, Pittsburgh stopped the Giants 17–7, New Orleans topped Dallas 16–7, Minnesota defeated Buffalo 32–13, New England beat San Diego 23–14 and the Broncos outscored Green Bay 31–21.

WFL: Posting their fifth straight win, New York humbled the Houston Texans 43–10 as Running Back Bob Gladieux scored four touchdowns. Birmingham kept its unbeaten record intact with a 15–14 victory over Jacksonville. Memphis Quarterback John Huarte passed for four touchdowns in the Southmen's 60–8 rout of the Hawaiians, while Southern California, the only Western Division team with a winning record, topped Philadelphia 31–28 and Florida defeated Portland 11–7. A 90-yard kickoff return by Walter Rhone was one of four second-quarter touchdowns that sparked the Chicago Fire to a 35–23 victory over the Detroit Wheels.

GOLF—Posting a tournament-record 19-under-par 269 for 72 holes, JOHNNY MILLER won the $250,000 Westchester Classic by a two-stroke margin over Don Bies. The victory, Miller's sixth on the tour this year, was worth $50,000.

SANDRA HAYNIE fired a final-round 71 for a total of 213 to win the $35,000 National Jewish Hospital Open at Rolling Hills Country Club in Golden, Colo. JoAnne Carner and Joyce Kazmierski were tied for second at 214.

HARNESS RACING—ALERT BRET, Glenn Garnsey at the reins, paced the mile in 1:59⅗ to win the final of the $100,000 Fox Stake for 2-year-olds at the Indiana State Fairgrounds.

HORSE RACING—RUFFIAN ($2.40), ridden by Vince Bracciale, posted her fifth straight win, a 12¾-length victory in the six-furlong $55,100 Spinaway Stakes for 2-year-old fillies at Saratoga. Her time was a stakes-record 1:08⅗ (*page 49*).

THE BAGEL PRINCE ($4.20) and FOOLISH PLEASURE ($4.20) won the divisions of the Hopeful Stakes for 2-year-olds at Saratoga. Angel Cordero guided The Bagel Prince to a three-length victory in 1:16⅘ for the 6½ furlongs, while Braulio Baeza rode Foolish Pleasure the same distance in 1:16.

DETERMINED KING ($62.00), Daryl Montoya up, scored a come-from-behind victory in the $132,000 American Derby at Arlington Park. He covered the 1⅛ miles over grass in 1:47⅘, finishing three-quarters of a length in front of Orders.

MOTOR SPORTS—DAVID PEARSON, averaging 133.045 mph in a Mercury, finished five seconds ahead of Richard Petty to win the NASCAR Yankee 400 at Michigan International Speedway. The victory, worth $15,265, was Pearson's fifth this year on the Winston Cup Grand National Circuit.

SOCCER—*The* LOS ANGELES AZTECS *won the* NASL championship, defeating the Miami Toros 4–3 in overtime at the Orange Bowl (*page 14*).

SWIMMING—The East German women led an attack on the record books at the European Championships in Vienna. In all, 17 world marks fell in qualifying heats and finals. East Germany's ULRIKE TAUBER lowered the 400-meter individual medley mark to 4:52.42, while teammate KORNELIA ENDER broke her own record in the 100 freestyle with a 56.96 clocking. ULRIKE RICHTER picked up two records while swimming a 1:03.08 100 backstroke leg as the East German women's 400 medley relay team turned in a 4:13.78. She added a third world mark with a 2:17.35 in the 200 backstroke. The 200 breaststroke record was lowered to 2:34.99 by 14-year-old CARLA LINKE, and ROSEMARIE KOTHER eclipsed the 100-meter butterfly mark with a 1:01.99 performance. Other world records were set by West Germany's CHRISTEL JUSTEN, who swam the 100 breaststroke in 1:12.55; Hungary's ANDRAS HARGITAY, with a 4:28.89 effort in the men's 400 individual medley; and Scotland's DAVID WILKIE, who swam the 200 individual medley in 2:06.32.

World records were also the targets at the AAU *national championships in Concord, Calif.*, where TIM SHAW scored a triple. He lowered Mark Spitz' 200-meter freestyle record to 1:51.66, then broke the 400 freestyle mark with a 3:54.69 performance. Shaw's third record was a 15:31.75 in the 1,500 freestyle. JOHN HENCKEN shattered the 200 breaststroke mark, swimming a 2:18.93, and SHIRLEY BABASHOFF clocked a 2:02.94 in the 200 freestyle and a 4:15.77 in the 400 freestyle, both world records. Australia's JENNY TURRALL again lowered her 1,500 freestyle standard, to 16:33.95, but en route lost her 800 freestyle record to JO HARSHBARGER, who turned in an 8:47.66.

TENNIS—ALEX METREVELI was declared the winner of the $50,000 Medi-Quik Eastern Lawn Tennis Open in South Orange, N.J. after Jimmy Connors withdrew from the final because of illness.

The surprising Denver Racquets took a 1-0 lead over the favored Philadelphia Freedoms in their best-of-three-match WTT championship round. Françoise Durr, who carried the Racquets into the finals with her outstanding singles play, won her ninth match in 10 outings, 6–4, over Mother Freedom Billie Jean King. Philadelphia, which posted the league's best record (39-5), had downed Pittsburgh by a total score of 52–45 in the semis, and Denver outpointed Minnesota 54–44 *for the right* to meet the Freedoms.

MILEPOSTS—NAMED: As assistant coach of the NHL champion Philadelphia Flyers, BARRY ASHBEE, 35, whose playing career was cut short by an injury to his right eye during a playoff game last spring against the New York Rangers.

NAMED KEN TRICKEY, 40, as head basketball *coach at Iowa State University, replacing Maury* John, who resigned recently because of illness. Coaching at Oral Roberts (1969-74), Trickey compiled a 118-23 record and directed the Titans into the 1974 NCAA quarterfinals.

PLEADED GUILTY: GEORGE M. STEINBRENNER III, majority stockholder of the New York Yankees, to charges of illegal expenditure of *corporate funds for campaign contributions*.

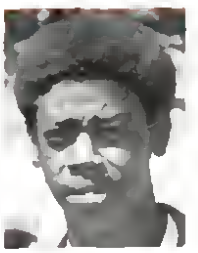
DIED: GENE GEDMAN, 42, Detroit Lions halfback and member of the 1953 and 1957 championship squads, of a heart attack; in Chicago.

CREDITS

6—Fred Kaplan Black Star. 15—Heinz Kluetmeier. 16, 17—Rich Clarkson. Heinz Kluetmeier (2). 18, 19—Tony Tomsic. 20, 21—Heinz Kluetmeier. 22—Fred Kaplan Black Star, Lewis Portnoy Tone Stewart (3). 30, 31—Anthony Howarth Tone Stewart (3). 39—Wil Blanche. 40—Tone Stewart. 49—Melchior DiGiacomo. 65—Yomiuri Shimbun, John Marconi, M. Bruce Konis. 66—George Silk.

FACES IN THE CROWD

TOYOICHI WANAMI, 91, became the oldest person on record to scale 12,388-foot Mount Fuji. The former admiral, who lives in Tokyo and had ascended Fujiyama four times previously, rested overnight before climbing to the summit for a sunrise prayer service.

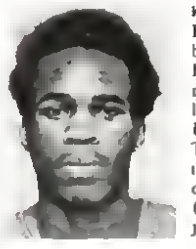


LARRY KING, 19, of Los Angeles, upset the defending champion in the semifinals and went on to win the men's singles title at the National Public Parks Tennis Tournament in Buffalo. King, in his fourth year of play, defeated Dirk Dugan in the final, 7–6, 6–7, 7–6, 6–7, 6–4.

HERB ZDROIK, 45, of New Berlin, Wis., who has been playing slow-pitch softball for 19 years, pitched a rare perfect game in National Savings and Loan's 15–0 win over A & A Manufacturing. It was the second career perfect game for Zdroik, who was 15-0 this year.

TOMMY MARTIN, 17, of Stockton, Calif., who holds a judo black belt, won the U.S. Judo Association national junior championship in the unlimited weight class for 17- and 18-year-olds, defeating all of his opponents in the competition at San Bruno, Calif.

CATHY KIRCHNER, 14, of Springer Junior High in Wilmington, Del., won the intermediate-level 220- and 440-yard dashes with times of *26.2* and *58.6* at the Delaware girls' state track meet. At the Region II Junior Olympics, she lowered her personal best in the 440 to 56.7.



KEITH TAYLOR, 18, of Fort Washington, Pa., broke the 40-year-old District 1 long-jump record with a 23′2″ leap. Competing for Upper Dublin High, Taylor also took firsts in the district championship in the high jump (6′9″) and the triple jump (47′5″).

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

LEE'S RETURN

Sir

Well, I wouldn't have believed it unless I had seen it. Dan Jenkins actually had more to say about the man who won the PGA Championship than about the man who came in second (*He Left Them Laughing*, Aug. 19). The account of Lee Trevino's victory was a refreshing relief from Jenkins' usual story of how Jack Nicklaus lost. Great job.

VINCENT NARDIELLO

Brick Town, N.J.

Sir

I greatly enjoyed your excellent article on Lee Trevino's PGA triumph. Taking nothing away from Lee, Sam Snead, Gary Player *et al.*, your statement that Jack Nicklaus "has been either first or second in no less than 26 major championships" clearly stamps him as the greatest golfer of all time.

T. G. MCCONKEY

Markham, Ontario

Sir

I regret that Dan Jenkins was unimpressed with the recent PGA Championship at Tanglewood Park. I would like to point out to him, however, that this tournament, held on a "non-prestige" course in a "strange place," produced one of the finest tests of golf in recent years—only six of the best golfers in the world broke par for the 72 holes, and they did it before one of the largest crowds in the history of the PGA tournament. Perhaps it is time to point out to Mr. Jenkins that the tournament is held for the benefit of the golfers and fans, not solely for the benefit of sportswriters who might be inconvenienced in getting to their typewriters or a drink.

ROBERT L. TUCKER

Clemmons, N.C.

Sir:

Concerning your comments on the last nine holes of this year's PGA Championship, I was training with the Philadelphia Athletics in Fort Myers, Fla. in 1926 when the 72-hole match between Walter Hagen and Bobby Jones took place. The first 36 holes were played in Sarasota, and Cy Perkins, Mickey Cochrane and I went up to watch. In the PGA it seemed that Jack Nicklaus hit to most greens first, then Lee Trevino usually hit his ball inside, closer to the pin. That is exactly what happened in the Hagen-Jones match. Bobby would usually hit first to the greens, but Hagen would always hit his ball inside. It's too bad films are not available for a closer comparison of the play.

WALTER FRENCH

La Selva Beach, Calif.

Sir:

After watching the PGA Championship last week, we can no longer contain ourselves. Please consider our nomination of Sam Snead for SI's Sportsman of the Year.

MIKE PELUSO
DAN KUCHAN
JIM SAGE

Tacoma, Wash.

KEEPSAKES

Sir:

Three cheers for your Aug. 12 SCORECARD item "Trophy Art." It stated exactly what I, as the wife of a golfer who has collected a few plaques and trophies, have been saying for years. I realize that not all tournament committees have the funds to award soapstone sculptures, but surely even a lovely piece of pottery is preferable to those ugly metal, wood and plastic dust collectors.

MARAH L. BREHAUT

Los Altos Hills, Calif.

COURSE CORRECTIONS

Sir

Many thanks for your extensive coverage of the America's Cup eliminations (*Sea of Turmoil*, Aug. 19); it was an impressive article. However, allow me to point out to your other readers that the French skipper's name is Jean Marie Le Guillou, not Le Cuillou, and that the captions under the pictures of Australia's Alan Bond and Jim Hardy have been reversed.

HARVEY NATHAN

New York City

• SI extends its apologies to M. Le Guillou as well as to Messrs. Bond and Hardy (*left*).—ED.

ALAN BOND (LEFT) AND JIM HARDY

REDS AND DODGERS

Sir:

In your Aug. 12 and 19 issues you have told us everything we care to know about the Los Angeles Dodgers and the Cincinnati Reds. However, you are not the only culprits. In the last three nationally televised Monday night games on NBC, Cincinnati has appeared three times and Los Angeles once.

True, the National League West Division race is very exciting, but it is not the only one in progress.

RICH SILVERMAN

Bronxville, N.Y.

Sir:

Your article points out something very unfair. Bill Buckner comes in a little bit too hard at second base in that Reds-Dodgers series, almost kicking Joe Morgan in the face, and they end up fighting. How is it that Pete Rose can do virtually the same thing only to be booed all across the nation while Buckner is criticized not at all? I think fans all over the country owe Rose an apology.

T. SMYTH

Oneonta, N.Y.

Sir:

So Ron Fimrite is already making excuses for the Dodgers (*Seeing Red in Dodger Stadium*, Aug. 19). History will repeat itself. The Cincinnati Reds, behind their hustling leader Pete Rose, will be the National League West champions.

JAMES MADDEN JR.

Hickory Corners, Mich.

Sir

The Big Red Machine will need a lot of fuel to overtake the Dodgers, and with gas around 60¢ a gallon, I'd say the Dodgers are still the best bet in the West.

JIM MCLOUGHLIN

Piscataway, N.J.

PRIDE OF TAIWAN

Sir

Thanks for your article *Going to Bat for Taiwan* (Aug. 19). Being an ardent parent of two Little Leaguers I was certain Taiwan loaded its teams with All-Stars before sending them to this country to humiliate our boys. I eagerly read your article to confirm my suspicions. Alas, I was wrong! They are a fine group of dedicated fellows.

TOM GREENLEAF

Maumee, Ohio

Sir:

It was an excellent article, but you failed to mention that besides C. K. Yang and our Little League baseball teams, we people of Taiwan are also proud of Miss Chi Cheng, Golfer Lu Liang-huan, our girls' basketball teams and our bridge team, even though the latter has been defeated by America's Aces and Italy's Blue Team.

OLIVER HAO

Columbus, Ind.

Sir:

Peter Carry quoted in Chinese the presumably colorful remarks of the Taiwanese Little League mother who, armed with an umbrella, "strode onto the diamond" and engaged in "fierce debate" with the umpires, but he neglected to give us a translation. Just what do "你是瞎子," and "混蛋!" mean? Or must those expletives be deleted?

WILLIAM EDWARDS

Chicago

• "你是瞎子," means, "Your eyes are blinded." "混蛋!", while not uncommon, is best left to the imagination.—ED.

Sir:

Your fine article on the recent dominance of the Taiwan Little League teams points up a rather discouraging fact. U.S. athletes of all ages, once No. 1 in many sports, are yielding their superiority to foreigners, In basketball, Little League baseball, diving and junior wrestling we have fallen behind Perhaps complacency has set in. Whatever the case, we had better not continue to count out foreign competition as we seemingly have been doing these past few years.

BRUCE JUPPÉ

Ridgewood, N.J.

UMP LUCIANO

Sir:

Thanks to Mark Mulvoy for the fine article on Umpire Ron Luciano (*He Calls 'Em as He Feels 'Em*, Aug. 19). It's about time some recognition was given to the men whose job is one of the toughest in all of sport, and Luciano handles that job in exceptional fashion. It is well worth the price of admission. just to see him waving his arms wildly half a dozen or more times on a close safe call at the plate.

I was disappointed four years ago when Emmett Ashford, another colorful ump, retired, but it's good to see Luciano carrying on where Ashford left off. Indeed, I wish there were more umps like Luciano and Ashford throughout baseball, for they would add much excitement to the game.

D. M SMITH

Murray Hill, N.J.

EVERYBODY INTO THE POOL

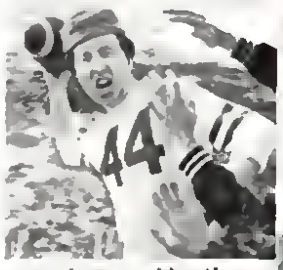
Sir:

As a participant in water polo, I was tremendously enthused about Ron Reid's story on the National AAU championships (*It Was a Family Affair*, Aug. 19) and especially his acknowledgment that the sport is "contested by some of the best-conditioned athletes on land or sea." Ron said it all: "Water polo is a trial whose excitement bears elements of basketball, hockey and soccer."

I am now coaching younger boys at a local swim club in the fundamentals of the game, but the lack of interest in this area

continued

You've earned your stripe



...when you'd rather play touch football than watch the Super Bowl.

...when you leave your car in the garage and walk the three blocks to the drugstore.

...because you've actually walked across the street to throw your Almond Joy wrapper in the litter basket.

...because you chose your Scotch for value. And the Scotch you chose was the one that started all the others on the road to lightness. Usher's. The original light Scotch. With an original light price tag. Usher's. We earned our stripe in 1853.

80 or 86 Proof · Brown Forman Distillers Corp., Louisville, Ky. © 1974

You gotta believe.

"Baseball is a children's game that some lucky children never outgrow," write Brendan C. Boyd and Fred C. Harris. And what baseball-loving child ever grew up without collecting baseball cards? Cards to be flipped and traded and studied and admired and wheeled and dealed and boarded and kept forever in shoeboxes...

THE GREAT AMERICAN BASEBALL CARD FLIPPING, TRADING AND BUBBLE GUM BOOK conjures up those magical days when a nickel used to get you the boys of summer *and* a pink slab of gum. More than 200 baseball cards are reproduced in "living color," along with a host of fabulous reminiscences, and a special pilgrimage to the "bubble gum capital of the world" —the Topps Chewing Gum Company in Brooklyn, New York.

"Rip Repulski, Pumpsie Green, Choo Choo Coleman, Coot Veal, Elmer Valo, Eli Grba, Ferris Fain, Mary Throneberry— we knew their stats, we were serious, we were believers. So are Boyd and Harris ... A solid bit in any league."*

"A *trip* down memory lane, a remembrance of the moldy-oldy faces of the great game of baseball. . . **an easy book to pick up—it has lots of pictures—and a difficult book to put down."**—*New York Times Book Review*

THE GREAT AMERICAN Baseball Card

FLIPPING, TRADING AND BUBBLE GUM BOOK

Brendan C. Boyd and Fred C. Harris

2nd Big Printing!

A Sports Illustrated Book

LITTLE, BROWN and COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

*New York Review

makes it tough to arrange games. After reading your article, maybe more swimmers will begin to realize the fun they can have in the water with a ball.

MICHAEL THOMAS
Prospect Park, Pa.

Sir:

In reference to your comment that Pete Cutino may be the only coach in the country to have won both an AAU title and the corresponding NCAA championship in one year, does the name Doc Counsilman ring any bells?

DAN WEHRENBERG
Bloomington, Ind.

WFL CITIES

Sir:

Re your article *Americans Need No Papergate* (Aug. 19), you seem to think that the only reason Birmingham's team has been successful is that Birmingham is a "little city" and therefore does not have a "bona fide major league team" to turn to as an alternative to the Americans.

Birmingham is in no way a little city, and the reason for Birmingham's success is obvious. For years the people of that city had begged the NFL for a franchise, but NFL officials just turned up their noses at Birmingham and looked the other way. Now with a fine WFL team, Birminghamians can turn up their noses and say we told you so.

The state of Alabama has long been a football hotbed, as is proved by throngs of Alabama and Auburn football worshipers. Now we have another team to love and go crazy over.

DAVID CHAVERS
Fairfield, Ala.

Sir:

Joe Marshall says, "The talk is the Wheels will be rolling to Charlotte, N.C. before the season ends."

After living for 2½ years in Charlotte, all I can say is that if they want to draw better here than they do in Detroit, they had better play at the Charlotte Motor Speedway with a stock-car race after each game. Or maybe a Bluegrass Music Festival or an Old-time Fiddlers convention after each game might bring out some people.

It is at least 10 years too soon for Charlotte. The Wheels would soon go the way of the Carolina Cougars because of lack of local support.

G. T. FRATER
Charlotte, N.C.

RIVER SWIMMERS

Sir:

In the SCORECARD section of your July 6 issue you had a short item about a young man who intended to begin a swim down the Mississippi River to break a record set

back in 1930. (*The Guinness Book of World Records* said 1933 but will make the correction in the next edition.)

I am the holder of that record and would not mind one bit having it broken. However, the man who breaks it should do it under conditions similar to those under which the record was set.

I left Minneapolis with less than $10. I painted signs on days when I laid over in a town to raise enough money to feed myself and my two lifeguard companions. We knocked at back doors to beg food after arriving in some towns. We slept on the riverbank and fought mosquitoes almost every night. Money sent from home—Clinton, Okla.—came at intervals but was never enough. I adopted the slogan "I can always quit tomorrow" and kept on going.

The first freeze overtook us at Natchez, Miss. The water was so cold that I swam fewer hours each day. The water temperature was 47° when on Dec. 29 I reached the foot of Carrollton Avenue in New Orleans.

I have held the record for nearly 44 years. This young man is welcome to it, if he swims without flippers and if he works his way as I did. Since I made my swim the river has been shortened by cutting across the heels of the big horseshoe bends to speed up the flow. So from Minneapolis to New Orleans it now measures about 1,660 miles instead of the 1,826 that I swam in 1930.

FRED P. NEWTON

Gainesville, Texas

VEERED OFF

Sir:

Re your Aug. 19 SCORECARD item on the trend toward the Veer offense among college football teams, was Princeton one of the 71 major colleges included in the survey? If so, instead of 36–35, the true vote total should be 35–35 with one abstaining. With the much-ballyhooed Veer, Princeton romped to a 1-8 record last fall, worst in its 104 years of competition. The single wing it's not.

JOHN JAY WILHEIM
Sports Editor
The Daily Princetonian

Princeton, N.J.

WHALE PSYCHOLOGY

Sir:

As a conservationist, I enjoyed your recent article on killer whales (*Run Noisy, Run Deep and Go to Work*, Aug. 5). As a psychology student, I regret that your misuse of behavioral terminology can only add to existing confusion.

The author suggests that a fish snack serves as a secondary reinforcer for a whale's chained behaviors. A secondary reinforcer is not distinguished from a primary reinforcer by its size (*e.g.*, a snack vs. a meal), but by the fact that its reinforcing properties are acquired through association with a primary reinforcer (*e.g.*, food).

The reference to negative reinforcement as "double-speak for physical punishment" is also quite misleading. Positive reinforcement involves the presentation of a pleasant event, negative reinforcement is the *removal* of an aversive stimulus. As the word "reinforcement" suggests, both procedures are followed by an increase in the desired behavior. On the other hand, punishment involves the presentation of an aversive event and may result in a decrease in desired behavior.

Frankly, these issues have confused and been confused by many behavioral scientists. I would hate to see this confusion spread to the sports world.

CINDY CROMER
Department of Psychology
University of Utah

Salt Lake City

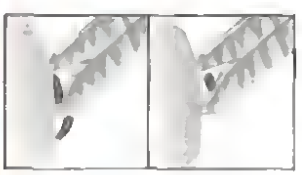
continued

The Gillette Injector Revolution Wants You!

© The Gillette Co., Boston, Mass.

Join up. And get a Gillette TWIN INJECTOR RAZOR FREE!

WITH PURCHASE
OF NEW 8-BLADE PACK



As the first edge shaves, it lifts the whisker so the second edge can shave it again, closer with safety.

Here's the first razor made especially to fit twin injector blades. The Gillette TRAC II® Twin Injector Razor. It has an exclusive Comfort Guard™ bar to set up a twin blade shave that's safe, close and smooth. And the razor is Free when you buy the specially-marked pack of 8 Gillette TRAC II® Twin Injector Blades. Sort of an enlistment bonus.

Forget the odometer. Enjoy.

Ever rent a car and keep one eye on the road—the other on the odometer, watching the mileage cost add up.

Forget it. With Thrifty's "100" Special Plan, you pay one low, flat daily rate for a Chevrolet Monte Carlo or other new car. And pay only for the gas you use. There's no mileage charge at all (up to 100 miles a day).

You already know Thrifty for our fast service and money-saving rates. With the "100" Special, the service is the same. But you may save more than ever before.

Call 800-331-4200 for reservations.

For information and reservations in all 50 states, Canada and Europe, call 800-331-4200* toll-free. For local service, call the Thrifty office in your city.

THRIFTY RENT-A-CAR

For maximum savings investigate our Special Account Plan

*In Oklahoma call collect 918-836-8484

2424 N. Sheridan Road, Tulsa, Okla. 74151

CHANGE OF ADDRESS & ORDER FORM

IF YOU RE MOVING, PLEASE LET US KNOW 4 WEEKS IN ADVANCE.

Attach your present mailing label here and fill in your new address below

MAIL TO SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, TIME & LIFE BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

FOR FASTER SERVICE

About this or other matters concerning your subscription-billing, renewal, complaints, additional subscriptions, etc.,

CALL TOLL FREE

800-621-8200

(Illinois: 800-972-8302)

Subscription prices in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico, and the Caribbean Islands are $14 a year. Military personnel anywhere in the world $10 a year; all others $18 a year.

To order SI, check Box: ☐ **new** ☐ **renewal**

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

19TH HOLE

SKEPTIC

Sir,

I can swallow some whoppers in the name of artistic license, but some things are just too much to digest. In your article on the first women's professional tournament to be played in England (*One for the Rankin File*, Aug. 19), you say Pam Barnett won a new car for hitting a seven-iron just a few inches away from the pin on a 178-yard par-3 hole. On the fly yet.

Now look, fellows. Jack Nicklaus, maybe, but there's no way a golfer named Pam *anything* is going to hit a 178-yard seven-iron. I play in the mid-80s, and just about all the men I play with use a four-iron or so for that distance. I know Pam Barnett's a pro, but that doesn't make her Wonder Woman.

COLIN BARRETT

Reston, Va.

• Other LPGA members who watched Pam Barnett's 178-yard car-winning drive thought that it was going to carry *over* the green. She did use a seven-iron, because the tee was elevated and there was a strong favoring wind, but it was only by chance that her ball (the smaller British one) hit the pin and stopped exactly 9⅝" away.—ED.

QUALITY CHESS

Sir:

A reader's suggestion (Aug. 12) that "quality points" be awarded to black in drawn games to break ties in chess matches would do nothing to combat the problem of excessive draws and would produce unfair results. If, in a 24-game match, Player A won six and lost six with white while drawing all his games with black, the tied match would be resolved decisively in his favor, 12–0, on "quality points." But in reality Player B's feat of winning half his games with black would be vastly more worthy of reward.

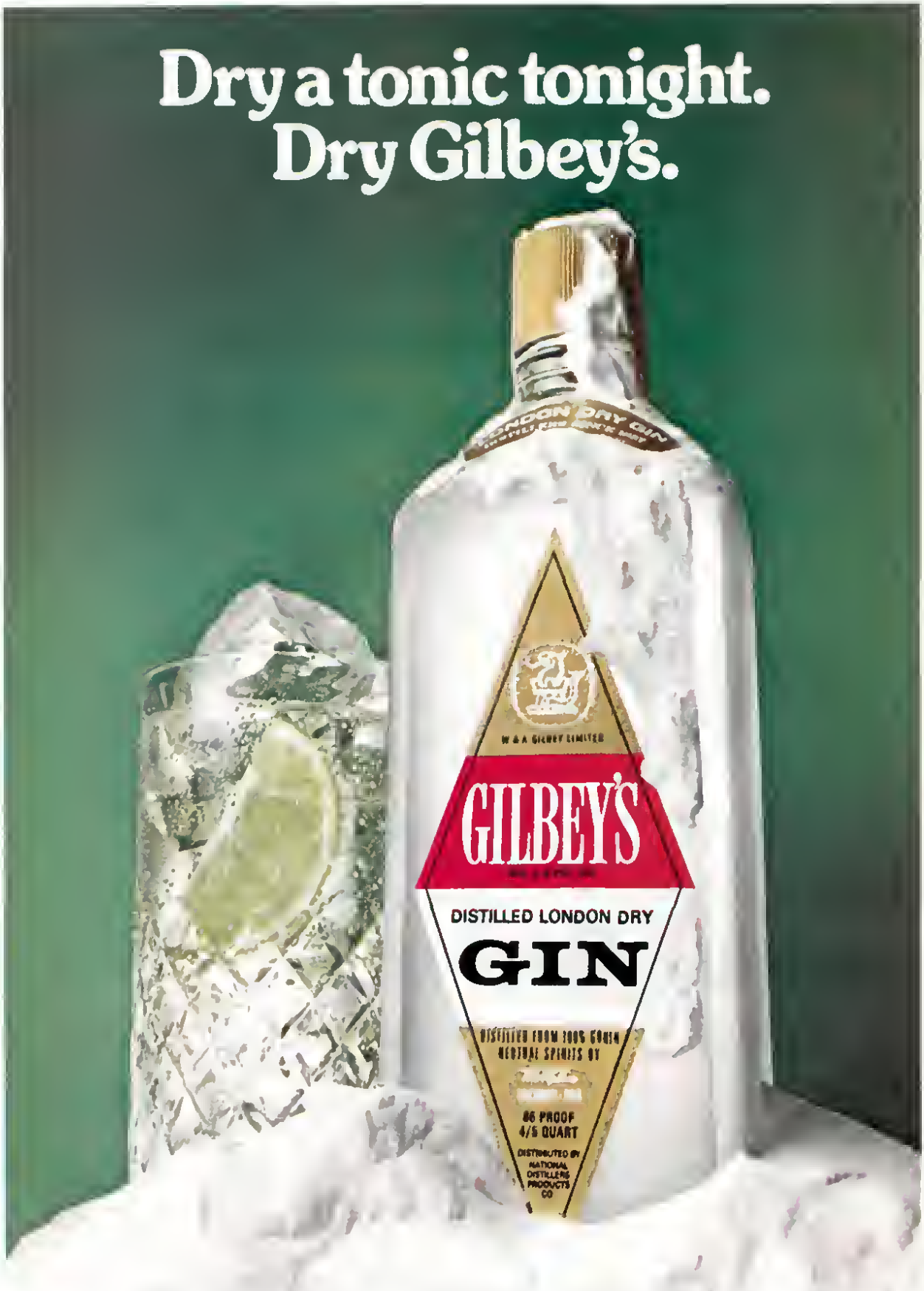
As the reader himself correctly states, grand masters play to win with white, but are often content to draw with black. "Quality points" would only reinforce this strategy. For most of this century chess defense on the grand-master level has clearly dominated offense, and black normally favors colorless positional defenses providing no winning chances but ensuring a safe draw. What is needed to reduce draws at the top levels of the game is an extraordinary reward for black victories, which would encourage exciting, counterattacking, tactical games with decisive outcomes.

BRUCE J. HAVIGHURST

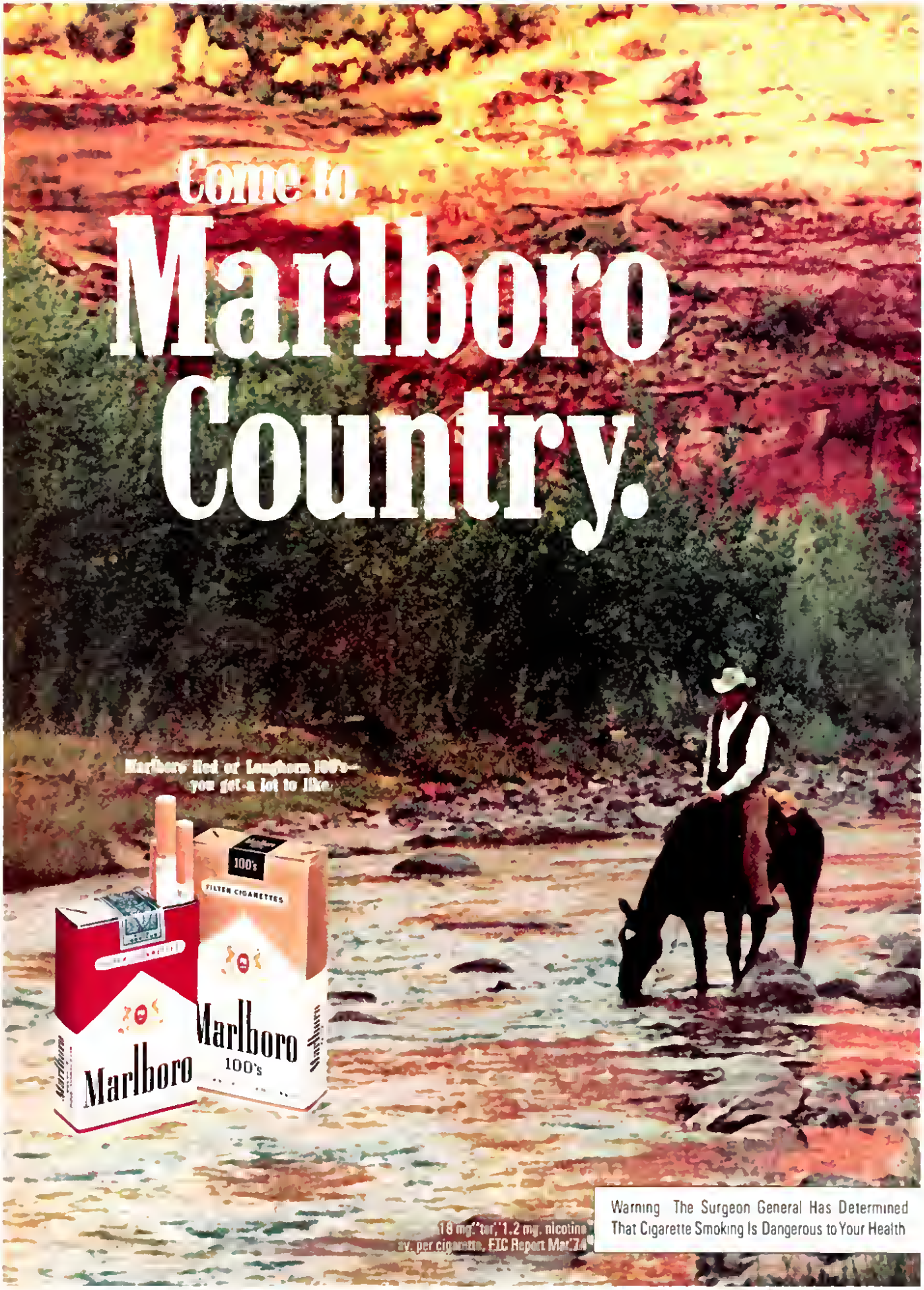
Shaker Heights, Ohio

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

Dry a tonic tonight.
Dry Gilbey's.



DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN, 86 PROOF, 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS W & A GILBEY, LTD , DISTR BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CO , N. Y. C.


Come to
Marlboro
Country.
Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.
100's
FILTER CIGARETTES
Marlboro
Marlboro
100's
18 mg."tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar.'74
Warning The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health